

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

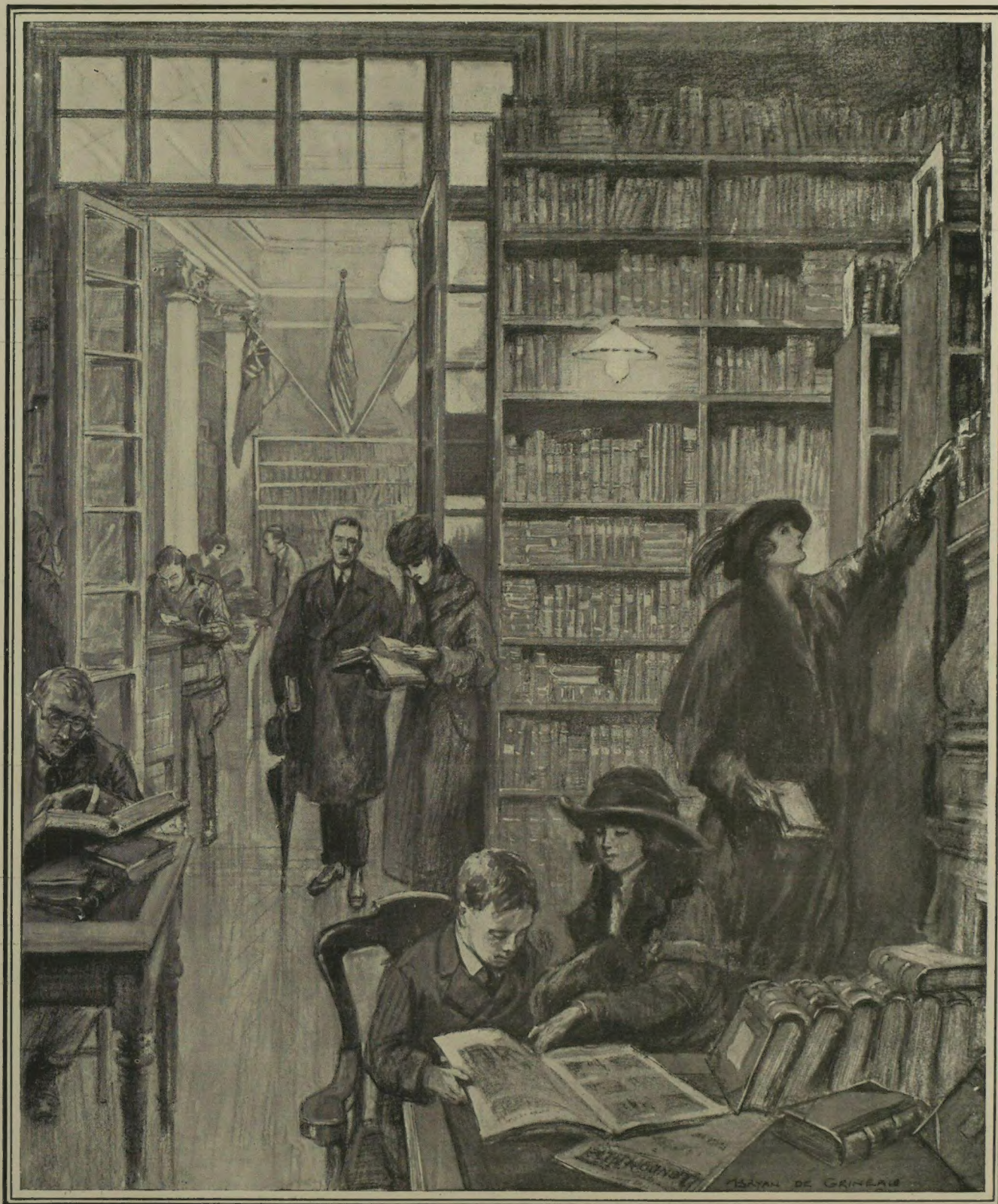
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No. 4209. - VOL. CLV.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20. 1919.

ONE SHILLING.

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AN EMBASSY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN PARIS: THE NEW AMERICAN LIBRARY FOR THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING COLONY.

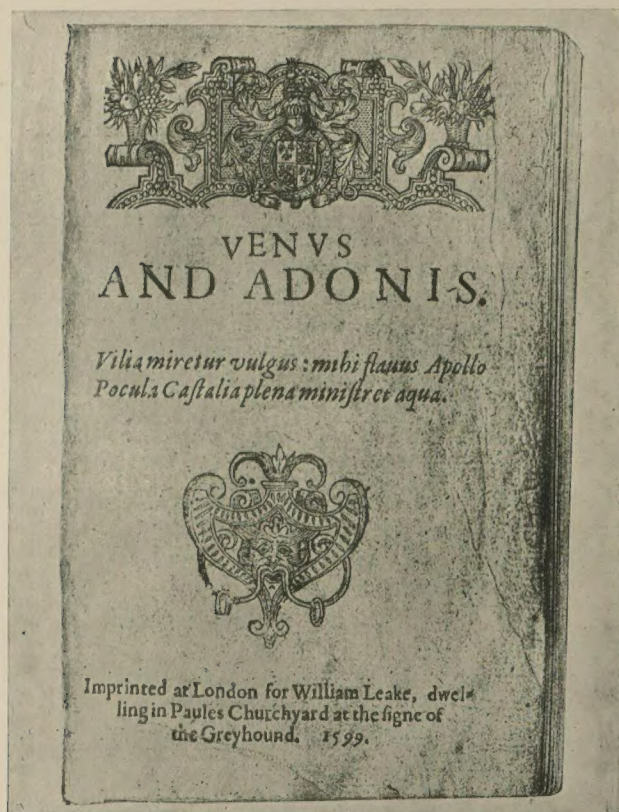
After many years of longing, the English-speaking colony in Paris have at last realised one of their chief ambitions. A library of English literature of all descriptions is now permanently in being at 10, rue de l'Elysée, opposite the palace of the French President, and once the hotel of the Papal Nuncio. The library was established during the war, by American enterprise for the use of American soldiers; but English and

French were courteously allowed its use as well. When the Armistice arrived, it was felt that to allow an English library containing over 25,000 volumes, and worth over half a million francs, to be scattered to the four winds, would be a disaster. A mass meeting of American and English (besides French) enthusiasts was held, and it was decided to make it a permanent institution. Further details are given on another page.

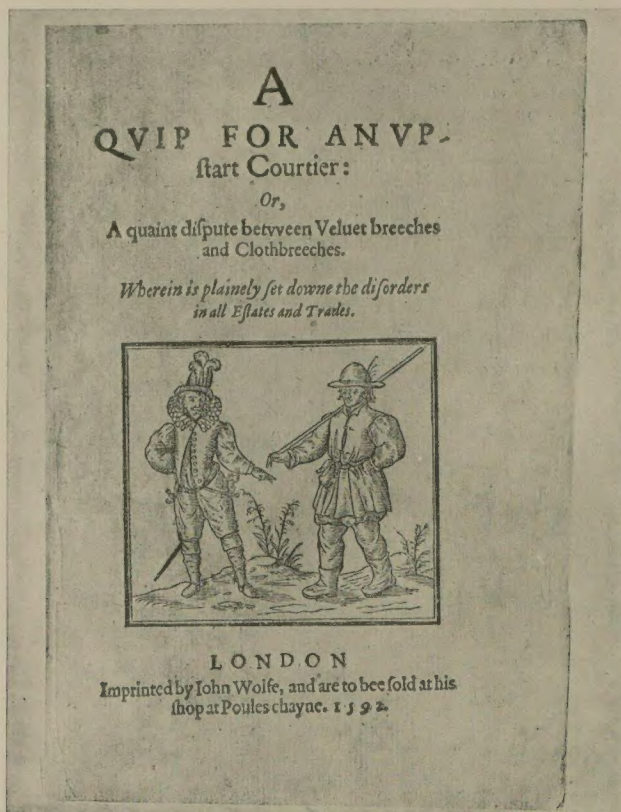
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU. (COPYRIGHTED IN U.S.A. AND CANADA.)

THE ONLY EXTANT COPIES: UNIQUE LITERARY TREASURES.

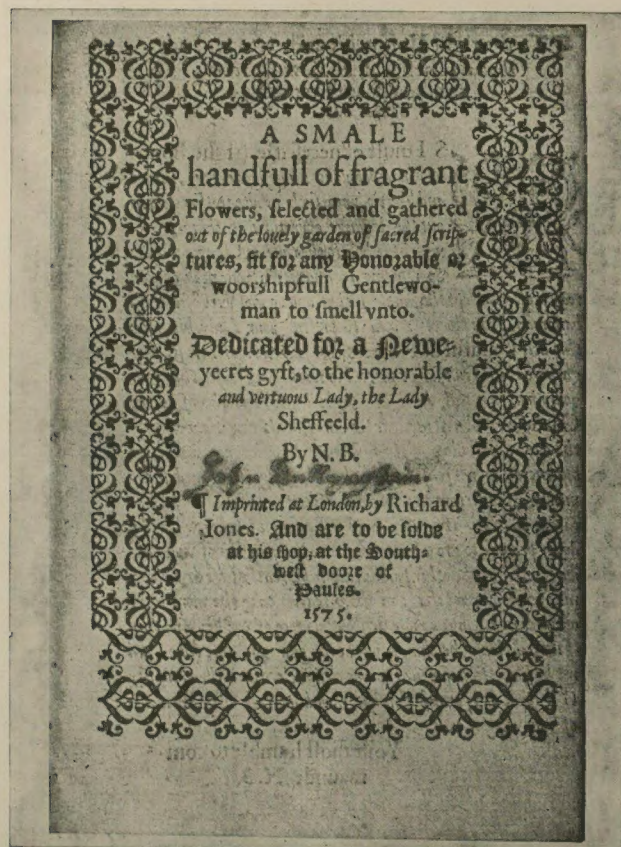
FROM THE CATALOGUE OF THE CHRISTIE-MILLER SALE, BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON, AND HODGE.



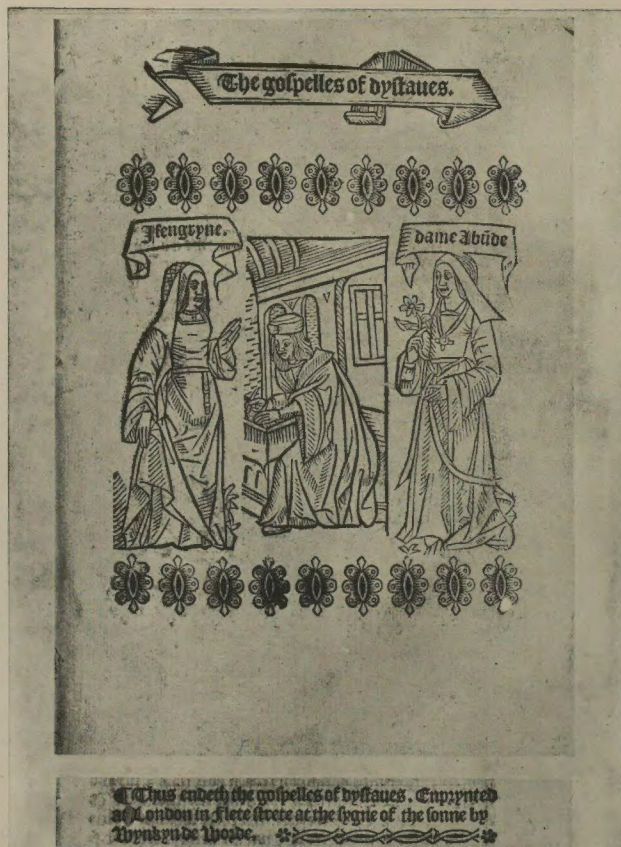
THE ONLY KNOWN COPY OF THE 4th EDITION: SHAKESPEARE'S "VENUS AND ADONIS," 1599.



THE ONLY KNOWN COPY OF THE 1st EDITION: GREENE'S "QUIP FOR AN UPSTART COURTIER," 1592.



THE ONLY KNOWN COPY: NICHOLAS BRETON'S "SMALE HANDFULL OF FRAGRANT FLOWERS," 1575.



THE ONLY COMPLETE COPY KNOWN: "THE GOSPELLES OF DYSTAVES," PRINTED BY WYNKYN DE WORDE.

Many unique literary treasures were included in the sale by Messrs. Sotheby, on December 16, of books from the library at Britwell Court, Burnham, Bucks, the property of Mr. S. R. Christie-Miller. Our reproductions of title-pages are from the illustrated catalogue. Regarding that of the 4th edition of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" (the first bearing Leake's imprint), the catalogue says: "No other copy is known. Of the first three editions only six copies in all are known, all of which are in public libraries. This is, therefore, the only copy of the earliest edition that any

private collector can possess of Shakespeare's first printed work." Of the "Quips for an Upstart Courtier," by Robert Greene, we read that it is "the only copy known. Three editions were printed in the same year (1592), and the present is undoubtedly the earliest. . . . Though this copy was formerly in the Heber Library, it has apparently escaped the notice of bibliographers." The copy of Nicholas Breton's Scriptural anthology, 1575, is likewise the only one known. It is (says the catalogue) "not recorded by Sir Sidney Lee in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' where it

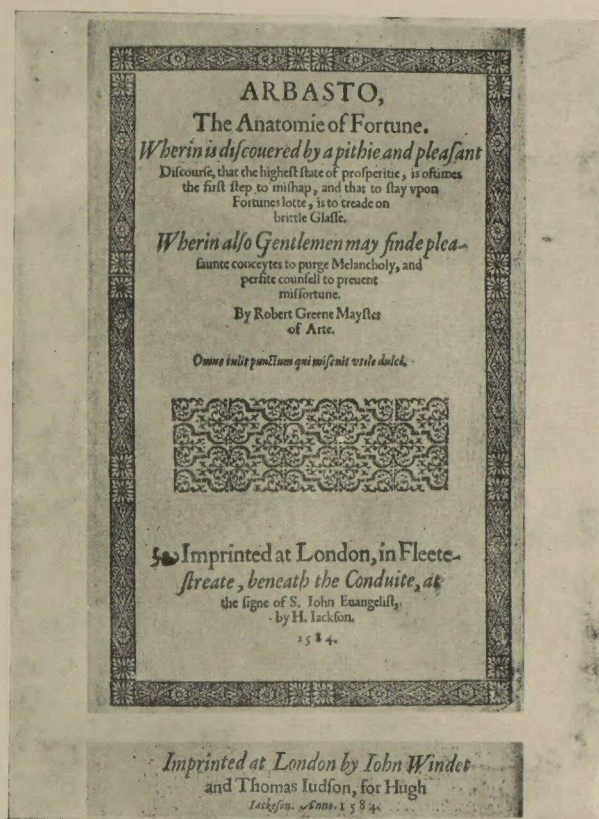
[Continued opposite.]

ALL BUT ONE UNIQUE: TITLE-PAGES OF RARE LITERARY TREASURES

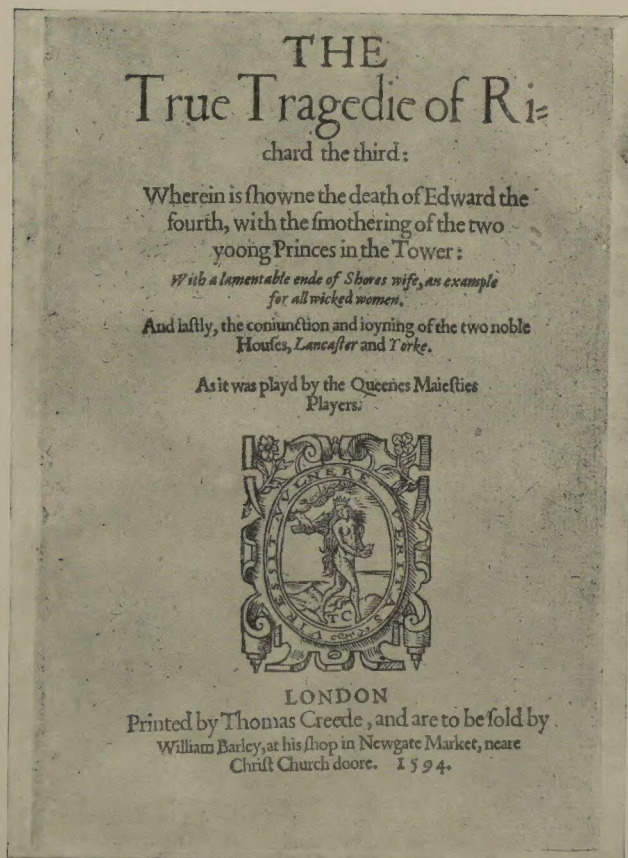
FROM THE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE CHRISTIE-MILLER SALE, BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOHREY, WILKINSON, AND HODGE.



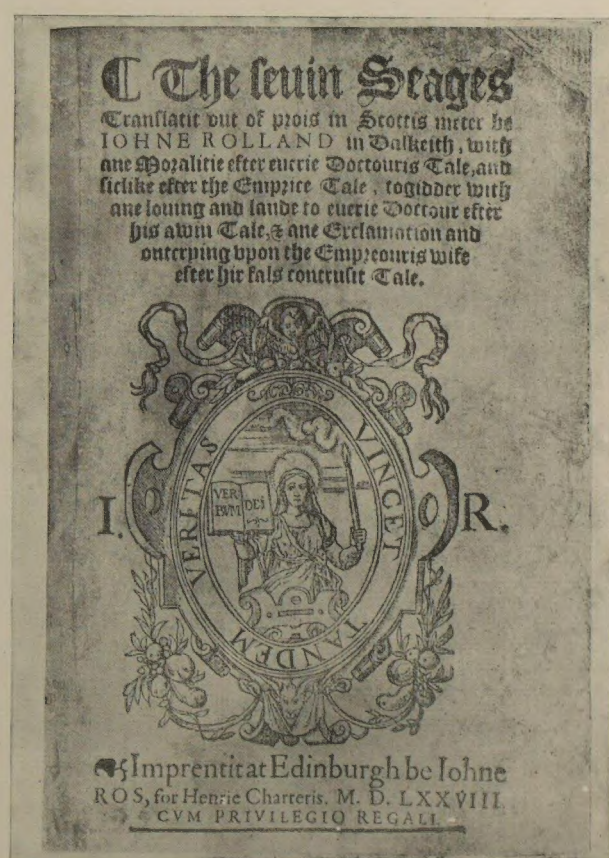
THE ONLY KNOWN COPY: A WORK BY JOHN SKELTON (UNDATED).



THE ONLY KNOWN COPY: ROBERT GREENE'S "ARBASTO, THE ANATOMIE OF FORTUNE," 1584.



A PLAY OF WHICH ONLY ONE OTHER COPY EXISTS: AN ANONYMOUS "RICHARD III.," 1594.



THE ONLY COPY OF THE ORIGINAL EDITION: JOHN ROLLAND'S "THE SEVEN SAGES," 1578.

Continued.]

is stated that Breton's first work was 'A Flourish upon Fancie' published in 1577." Again, "The Gospelles of Dystaves" is described as "the only complete copy known. There are fragments in the British Museum and Bodleian Library. The work is apparently a translation of 'Les Evangiles des Quinilles,' the joint production of Fouquart de Cambrai, Antoine Duval, and Jean d'Arras, c. 1475." Wynkyn de Worde, who printed it, was Caxton's assistant and successor, and died about 1535. John Skelton's curiously titled book is the only one known. It is "without printer's name

or date, but evidently from the press of R. Pynson." The copy of Greene's "Arbastro" is also unique. "It has been made up from two imperfect copies." Of "The True Tragedie of Richard the Third," we are told: "This anonymous play was undoubtedly used by Shakespeare in preparing his own. Apparently the only other complete copy known was formerly in the Kemble-Devonshire collection, now in the Huntington library. No known copy is available in any public collection." The copy of John Rolland's "Seven Sages" is "the only copy of the original edition known."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE most interesting thing about the Bolsheviks is the way in which they have abandoned Bolshevism. Originally, I suppose, the Bolshevik called himself a Bolshevik; that is, an extremist. Anyhow, everybody calls him an extremist. In fact, everybody calls everybody else an extremist; it is now the fashionable term of reproach in all current controversies; and a very feeble and unphilosophical term too. But as a matter of fact the extremist has not gone to his own extreme. In Russia he has doubtless gone to many other extremes, not to say extravagances. He may have gone the length of murder, or massacre, or torture; but he has not gone the length of consistency. For all I know, the communists have reached the point of cannibalism. But the communists have not reached the point of communism. Generally speaking, I should imagine that the Russian Revolutionists had been very violent and anarchical throughout; partly because they are revolutionists, but very largely because they are Russians. Nor, it is clear, has the violence been confined to the Russian Revolutionists; there has been some of it at least on the part of the Russian Reactionaries. But the interesting point in abstract ethics, and especially abstract economics, is that the extremists have not gone to their economic extreme, even if they have gone to their ethical extreme. They have purchased support from the peasants at the only price a peasant will take—private property.

It may appear a very mad paradox to say that the real point against the Bolsheviks is moderation, in the sense of compromise. But it is true that the real point against their theory is that even they have not carried it out in practice. As compared with the absolute communistic dogma with which they started, it is their relative compromise and conservatism that is responsible for their relative success and survival. They have strengthened their political position by weakening their philosophical position. By making their creed less tenable, they have made their government more tolerable. But they have failed to apply their theory consistently, not because it is an extreme theory, but because it is an erroneous theory; not because it is a fanaticism, but because it is a fallacy; and because they themselves have discovered the fallacy. And they discovered it on that day, the accounts of which are still dark and cloudy, but daily becoming clearer—the day on which they came into collision with the peasants. There was a crash like the encounter of two universes, in the hour when their inhuman humanitarianism came into touch with humanity.

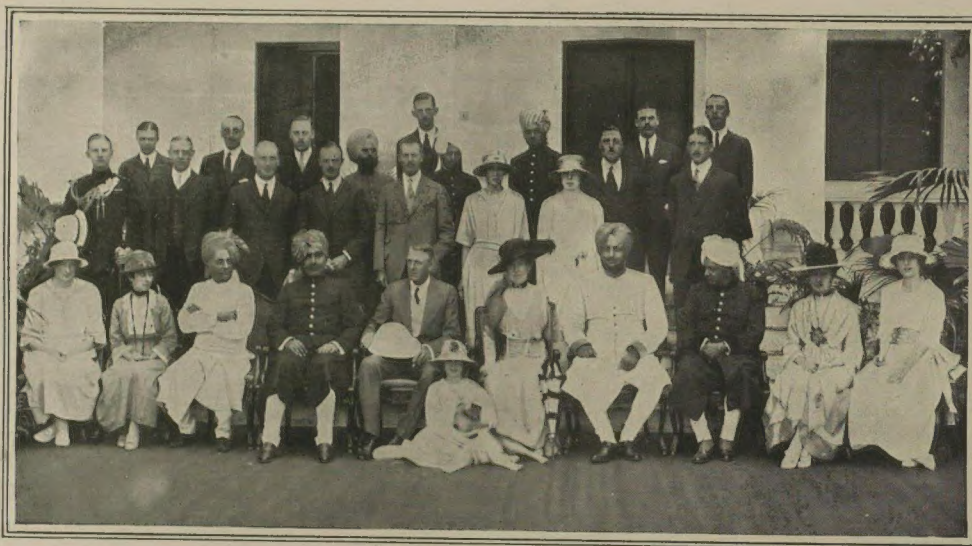
This is the age in which thin and theoretic minorities can cover and conquer unconscious and untheoretic majorities, being spread over them like spiders' webs. A small group that has a philosophy, even if it be a heresy or merely a fallacy, has now an abnormal advantage over the masses that have no philosophy, but only a sort of broad bewilderment produced by the reading of newspapers. There were

times when the democratic masses did have a philosophy. It was called a religion. But some of the thin theoretic spiders, unrepresentative but ubiquitous, have contrived to destroy that; and there is no mental machinery for common sense. I use common sense in its true mediæval meaning of the sense of the community. In modern times spontaneous mental discipline, like spontaneous military discipline, has been made very difficult for the mob. In mental things, as in military things, the modern advantage is with the trained minority. As the Prussians were cowed by militarism, so the Russians were cowed by mentalism, or what the French call intellectualism. It was a minority of this type, a group of bookish Bolsheviks, who seized supreme power at the end of the Russian Revolution, and attempted to impose upon their brethren all that they had read in their books. They had read that property was theft, that proletarians and bourgeoisie were the two real rivals for the control of the world, that all good was to be found in sharing and none in owning, or even in giving. They believed in Karl Marx; and that inspired Hebrew

against the dawn. For where so much is uncertain, one thing seems increasingly certain: that the peasant has saved his own land from the communists. While princely land-owners have been butchered like wild beasts and the lords of great provinces murdered as a jest, the small peasant on his small square patch of soil has managed to save it, like a man on a small square raft in a restless and tumultuous sea. His land has not been socialised; it has not been communalised; his new masters have not, in fact, dared to communalise it. However ruthless they may be as despots, however lawless they may be as demagogues, they have had the sense to see a certain look in his eyes; and they have stopped short. There has not been so dramatic and even mystic a halt since Attila halted before Rome.

For one great difference between the peasant and the bourgeois is this: that the peasant is proud of property, and the bourgeois is often half-ashamed of it. The business man is too prone to mutter, in mere cynicism, that after all business is business. But

cynicism itself is only a rather restless kind of shame. A peasant's morality may be rude or narrow or superstitious, but it is always morality; he thinks he is right, and therefore he is not a cynic. What the conscience and common sense of a peasant, or any other simple person, tells him is that there is a fallacy in communism, considered merely as idealism. The fallacy consists in assuming that it is always unselfish to share, and always selfish to own. But this is never the whole truth, and sometimes the reverse of the truth. The lamp-post just outside my garden is something I share with my



DURING THE CONFERENCE OF INDIAN RULING PRINCES: A GROUP AT THE VICEREGAL PARTY, AT DELHI ON NOVEMBER 8. The figures are (from left to right): front row—Hon. Mrs. Sheepshanks; Hon. Margaret Best; Lt.-Gen. Maharaja Sir Pratap Singh (of Jodhpur); Major-Gen. the Maharaja of Bikaner; H.E. the Viceroy (Lord Chelmsford); the Hon. Margaret Thesiger (seated on ground); H.E. Lady Chelmsford; Major-Gen. the Maharaja of Patiala; Lt.-Col. Maharaja Sir Ranjitsinghji of Navanagar; Miss Anderson; Miss Villiers. Second row—Capt. the Hon. D. E. F. O'Brien; Lt.-Col. H. Austen Smith; Major R. D. Alexander; Capt. R. H. Sheepshanks; Lt.-Col. R. Verney; Hon. Joan Thesiger; Hon. Gwladys Ridley; Capt. D. S. Frazer. Third row—Mr. H. R. Lynch Blossie; Capt. J. A. Denny; Capt. Hon. A. G. Agar-Robartes; Major Balwant Singh; Capt. G. B. Harvey; Thakur Asu Singh; Lt. Hanut Singh; Capt. A. Brooke; Capt. C. M. G. Gordon Ives; and Capt. E. R. Hoare.—[Photograph by A. R. Dall.]

prophet expressly forbid them to believe in anything else. Much wonder is expressed that such a minority, preaching such a morbidity, should have succeeded even so much as it has. I myself am rather surprised that it has failed as much as it has. With a morbidity to be preached, and a minority to preach it, it ought rapidly to have gained the mastery of the modern world. It seems hard to understand why something so humourless and inhuman is not being preached by our own papers and our own politicians. But these superficial sophistries did not spread to all Europe, partly because they were, after all, stopped, or at least modified, even in Russia. It is due to Russia, after all her sorrows, sins, or bewilderments, to say that in Russia was found the reality that could resist them when any politician or professor might have collapsed before them. The reality which thus resisted was, I repeat, the peasant.

The Russian peasant, of whom so much has been written both by Russians and other Europeans, has certainly played a part here which the world does not yet understand, and probably greatly undervalues. I suspect that, as the darkness lifts from this dark continent, the strange and rugged figure traced by Tolstoy or Stephen Graham will seem all the more gigantic

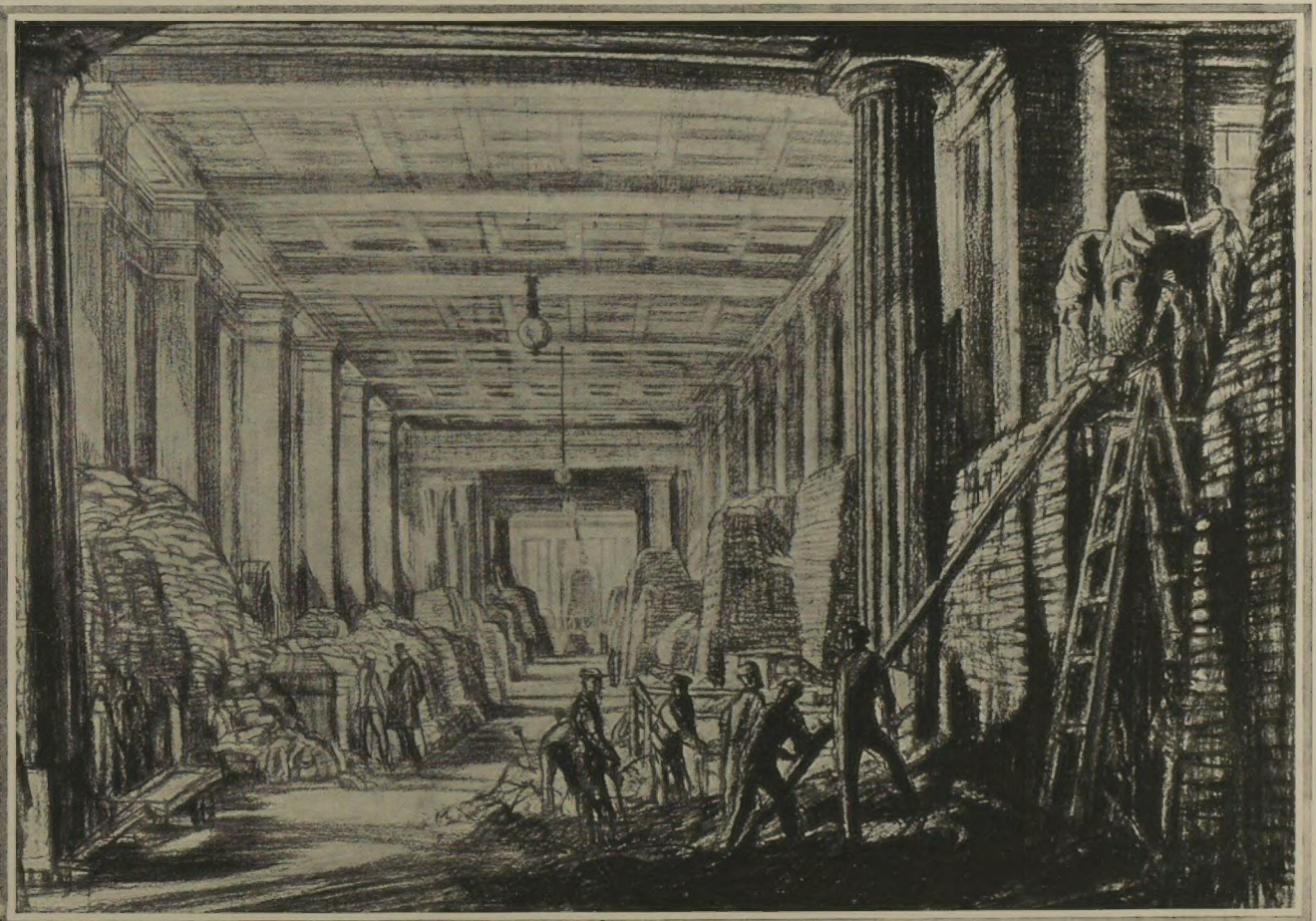
next-door neighbour; but I do not regard it as a monument of my unselfish devotion to him, or a mark of his tender affection for me. To share it is quite sensible, but it can also be quite selfish. On the other hand, the letter-box a little way off is full of my private affairs; but they are much less purely selfish affairs. It is much more likely that some sort of mutual kindness, between my neighbours and me, will be found in the letter-box; even if, as at the approaching season of Christmas, it is only full of Christmas cards. There is more reality in my neighbour and myself exchanging cards, especially Christmas cards, than there is in a fantastic fiction that I offer him the lamp-post with a bow, and he returns me the lamp-post with a beaming smile. Men in armies and monasteries can be practically communistic; because there, for abnormal reasons, the common cause is very vivid to the imagination. But for normal masses of people, in normal times of peace, sharing has none of the generous emotions of giving and receiving. Revolutionary violence may be purely unselfish and idealistic—while it is revolutionary and violent. As soon as it is settled, it is selfish. Communism soon grows commonplace; and while the letter-box is bursting with good news, the communist (without any of the excuses of Christmas) is left clinging to a lamp-post.

THE WAR RECORDED IN ART: PICTURES AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

FROM THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM EXHIBITION OF THE NATION'S WAR PAINTINGS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY. (COPYRIGHTS RESERVED.)



BY GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.A.: "IN THE GUN FACTORY AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL, 1918."



BY HENRY RUSHBURY: "BRITISH MUSEUM, EGYPTIAN GALLERY—AIR RAID PRECAUTIONS."

The Exhibition of War Paintings under the auspices of the Imperial War Museum, in the galleries of the Royal Academy, is especially notable for the fact that so many examples of the work of the new and revolutionary schools in art are there on view in the very temple of the old academic tradition. Compared with some of the other

exhibits, of which we give specimens on succeeding pages, the two pictures reproduced above are quite "academic" in style, using the word in its general meaning. In the lower one, Egyptian sculptures are seen being sandbagged, as a protection against bombs. The Exhibition has been arranged to remain open during December and January.

THE WAR SEEN BY THE NEW ART: EXHIBITS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

FROM THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM EXHIBITION OF THE NATION'S WAR PAINTINGS AND OTHER RECORDS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



1. BY W. P. ROBERTS: "PACK MULES"—A STRIKING EXAMPLE OF A MODERN METHOD IN FIGURE-DRAWING.

2. BY GILBERT SPENCER: "NEW ARRIVALS, F.4 WARD, 36 STATIONARY HOSPITAL, MAHEMDIA, SINAI, E.E.F."

Whether posterity will rejoice that an artistic revolt coincided with the Great War remains to be seen. It cannot be denied, however, that the methods of the new art are striking, if its principles are not always obvious. Regarding the lower of the above subjects, the Exhibition catalogue says: "The picture represents the interior of a Ward just after a

Convoy has arrived. The patients are sitting on their beds, waiting for the Medical Officer, and the Sister is holding the Records Book. Near her is the ice-chest in which all perishable food is kept. The orderly has in his hand the sheet and diet-tray for rations. The study for this picture was made just previous to the first attack on Gaza."

THE WAR SEEN BY THE NEW ART: EXHIBITS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

FROM THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM EXHIBITION OF THE NATION'S WAR PAINTINGS AND OTHER RECORDS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



1. BY RANDOLPH SCHWABE. "VOLUNTARY LAND-WORKERS IN A FLAX FIELD, AT PODINGTON, NORTHANTS."

2. BY BERNARD MENINSKY: "ARRIVAL OF A LEAVE TRAIN, VICTORIA STATION, 1918."

The fact that the new art, with its unusual style and deliberate avoidance of the ordinary methods, should figure as largely in the academic shrine of Burlington House, has a certain irony, and is significant of a change of front in the official headquarters of British art. These and the two other examples on the previous page are typical of the modern

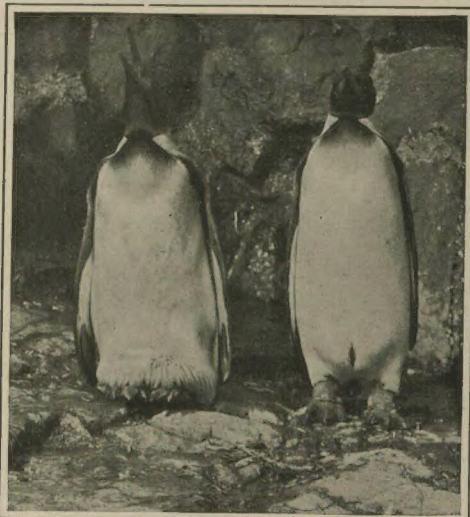
method as shown in many of the war paintings on view this month and next in the galleries of the Royal Academy, in the Exhibition arranged by the Imperial War Museum. Even those who think that vigour of movement and attitude could be equally well attained without the sacrifice of correct drawing must acknowledge power in the rebels.

PRINCE PENGUIN: AN INTERESTING EVENT IN THE SCOTTISH "ZOO."

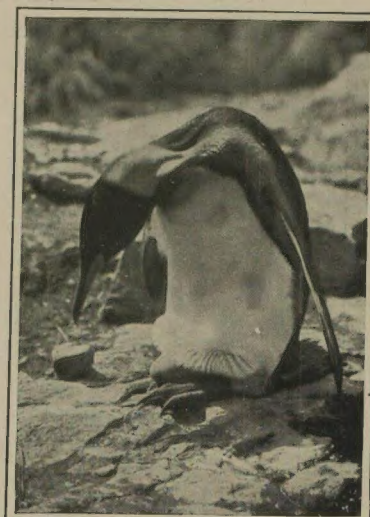
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MISS MACKENZIE.



WITH THE EGG ON HER FEET: THE FEMALE PENGUIN SITTING.



PATIENCE UNREWARDED: THE MALE BIRD (RIGHT) NOT ALLOWED TO HAVE THE EGG.



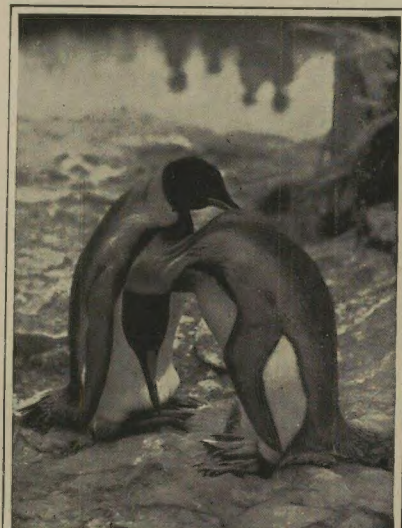
WITH THE EGG ON HER FEET: REFUSING TO GIVE IT UP, THE MOTHER BIRD WALKS AWAY.



SO THE MALE BIRD CONSOLES HIMSELF WITH A STONE



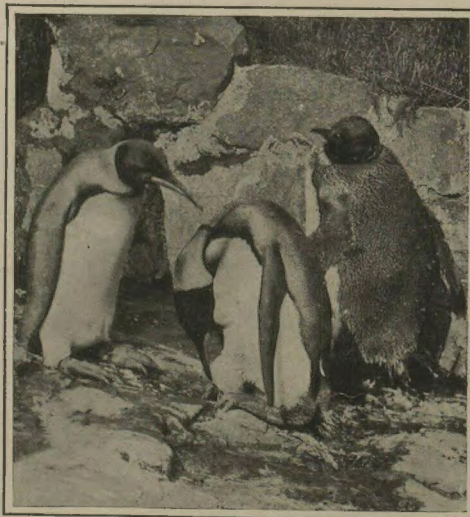
DISSATISFIED WITH THE STONE, HE MAKES UP TO HIS MATE AGAIN.



ONCE MORE HE IMPLORES TO BE ALLOWED TO HAVE THE EGG.



AS SHE STILL REMAINS OBDDURATE, HE STEALS IT FROM HER.



AFTER STEALING IT FROM HIS MATE, THE MALE BIRD ROLLS THE EGG ON TO HIS OWN FEET.



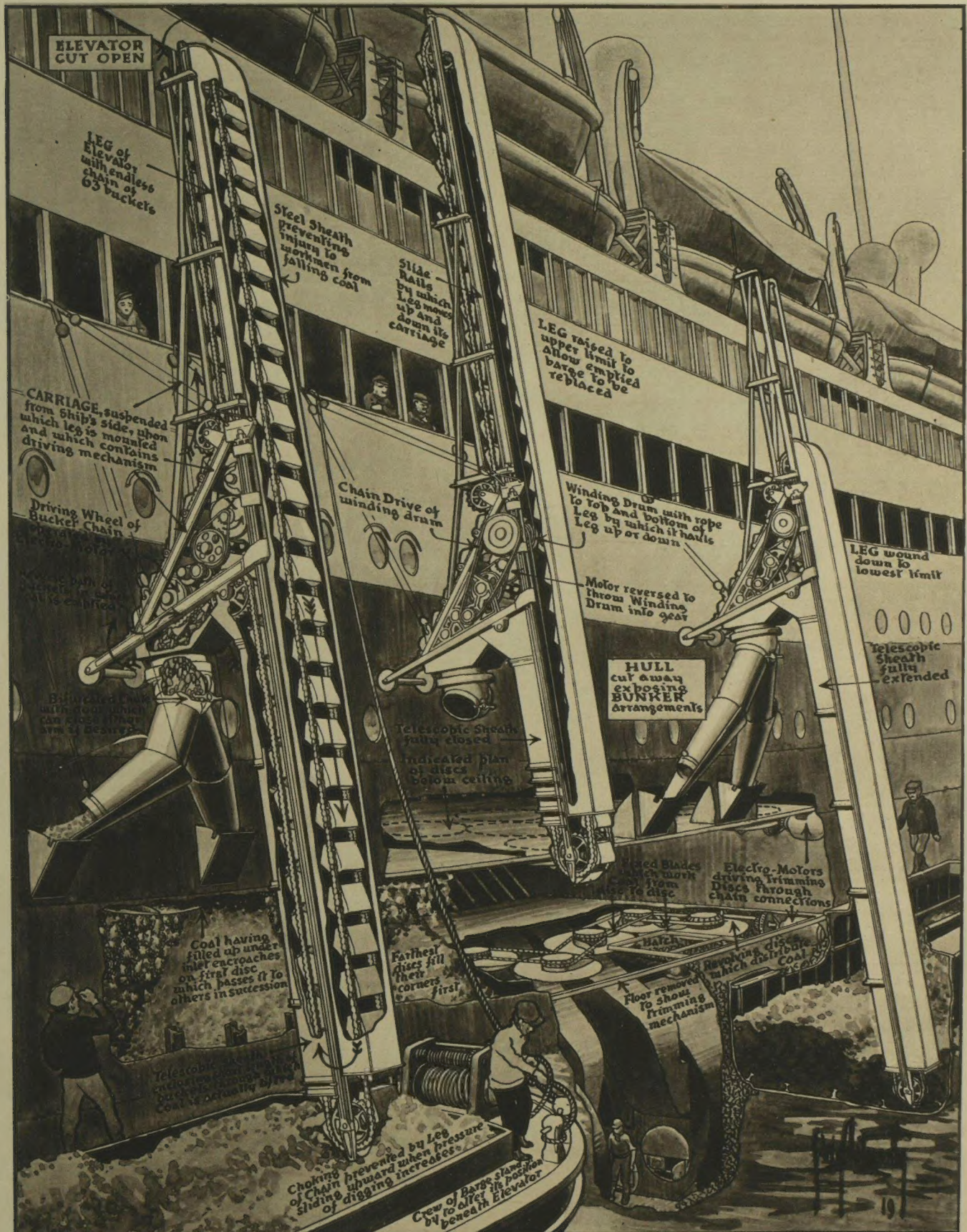
FIVE WEEKS OLD: THE CHICK NEARLY HALF ITS MOTHER'S SIZE.

An interesting event took place recently at the Scottish "Zoo" in Edinburgh, where a King Penguin was hatched out in captivity. Our photographs, which are unique and not hitherto published, tell their own amusing story. The first shows the female penguin sitting with the egg on her feet. On this Mr. W. P. Pycraft comments: "The skin of the abdomen during the breeding season can be pulled quite over the egg—and the chick when it appears—thus protecting it from exposure. This skin-fold

has often been described, but erroneously, as a 'pouch.' " The male bird sat patiently for hours beside his mate, hoping to be allowed to have the egg, but she refused to give it up to him and walked away, so he consoled himself with a stone! Finding the stone very uncomfortable, and after many hours' hard work trying to roll it on to his own feet, he made up to his mate again, and implored to be allowed to have the egg; but as she still refused, he stole it. The chick was hatched in seven weeks.

COALING BY MACHINERY: FOUR DAYS' HAND-LABOUR DONE IN ONE.

DRAWN BY S. W. CLATWORTHY, AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."

ELEVATORS THAT LOAD 125 TONS PER HOUR, AND TRIMMING-DISCS DISTRIBUTING 150 TONS PER HOUR IN THE BUNKERS:
NEW MECHANISM FOR COALING BIG SHIPS.

The largest liners may be coaled in one day by the combined use of the Michener Elevator and Trimming Machinery. The time taken is usually nearer three or four days, and at least eight times as many hands are employed. Each elevator can normally load 125 tons per hour; the trimming mechanism can deal with 150 per hour. Elevators are kept at wharves, and, as they only weigh 5½ tons, they can be readily placed in position by wharf crane, a ship's own derrick, or a floating derrick. The ship may be coaled on its outer side, so that loading is not interfered with. The trimming mechanism is

permanently built into the ship. The coal is dug out of barges alongside and delivered through chutes into the ship's bunkers by means of buckets on a moving chain. Within the bunkers permanent machinery, consisting of a series of horizontal revolving discs, distributes the coal evenly over the space available. The lower ends of the elevators are telescopic. In the illustration, it should be noted, parts of the ship's side, bunker floors, and elevator covers are cut away diagrammatically to show the mechanism within.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

CAMERA NEWS: SCHOOL ACTING; A GREAT WAR-SHIP: ROYAL VISITS.

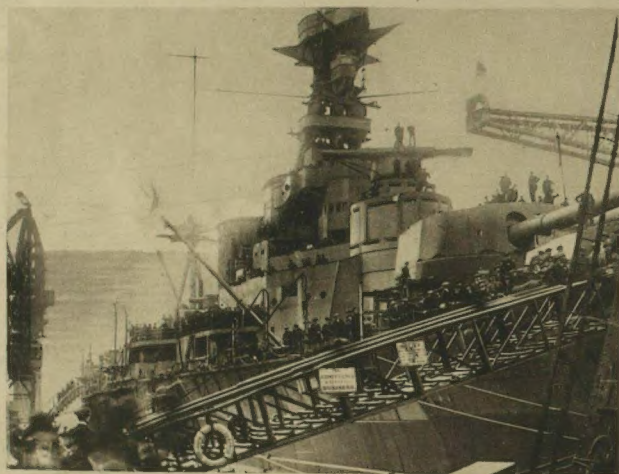
PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. F. BROWN, L.N.A., C.N., AND I.B.



DRAMATIC TALENT AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL: THE ACTORS IN THE EPILOGUE TO THE LATIN PLAY.



THE ANNUAL LATIN PLAY AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL: THE CAST OF THE "ADELPHI."



A WAR-SHIP THAT HAS COST OVER £6,000,000: THE NEW BRITISH BATTLE-CRUISER, H.M.S. "HOOD," IN DOCK.



COMBINING SPEED AND POWER: H.M.S. "HOOD," THE LATEST BRITISH CAPITAL SHIP, SHOWING FOUR OF HER EIGHT 15-IN. GUNS.



NAPOLEON THE THIRD'S WIDOW IN PARIS: THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE (TRAVELLING INCOGNITO) LEAVING HER HOTEL.



PRINCE ALBERT MADE A FREEMAN OF THE ROYAL BURGH OF RENFREW: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS TAKING THE OATH.

The Latin play is an annual fixture at Westminster School. This year the play chosen was the "Adelphi" of Terence. The back-cloth seen in our photographs shows a view of ancient Athens.—The new battle-cruiser, H.M.S. "Hood," the latest British capital ship completed, is remarkable for combining great speed with weight of armament. She carries eight 15-inch guns. It was recently stated in Parliament that the total estimated cost of the ship, including guns, ammunition, and stores, was £6,025,000. She was laid down in September 1916, and launched in August 1918, from Messrs. John Brown's yard

at Clydebank, where Prince Albert went over her during his recent visit to Glasgow. On December 11 he received the Freedom of the royal and ancient burgh of Renfrew, from which the Prince of Wales derives one of his titles. Later he went to the Princess Louise Hospital for Limbless Sailors and Soldiers, and laid a memorial stone for a new recreation hall.—The Empress Eugénie recently went to Paris to consult her oculist, travelling incognito as the Comtesse de Pierrefonds. She arranged to go on to Cap Martin for the winter.

AKIN TO THE AUSTRALIAN CORROBOREE: A STONE AGE RELIGIOUS DANCE.

A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY A. FORESTIER AFTER PREHISTORIC ROCK-PAINTINGS FOUND IN SPAIN, AND REPRODUCED BY THE ABBÉ BREUIL IN "L'ANTHROPOLOGIE."



RELIGION IN THE STONE AGE: ROCK-DWELLERS OF SOUTH-WESTERN EUROPE PERFORMING A CEREMONIAL DANCE AND INCANTATION AT NIGHT.

Three men bearing a strong resemblance to North American Indian chiefs are seen engaged in the performance of a dance similar to the Australian corroboree, and probably of a religious character—perhaps to propitiate the deity in view of a forthcoming expedition—to the chant and clapping of hands of the women and the onlookers. Two large tents erected under the overhanging rocks can shelter the members of the tribe;

an ogive-shaped opening gives access into the tents. All the details of dress have been carefully copied from the accurate drawings made by Abbé Breuil from the painted frieze at Alpera—reproduced on the following page. Tents of the kind shown figure in the rock engravings of the cave at Font de Gaume (France), the work of Magdalenian people of the same period.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

Rock-Dwellers of the Stone Age: Magdalenians in South-Western Europe.

BY A. FORESTIER.

The Prehistoric Rock-Drawings on this page were found in a cave near Alpera, Spain. They are reproduced from an article by the Abbé Breuil in "L'Anthropologie."

SOME very interesting discoveries made in 1910 by Señor Pascual Serrano Gomez of rock paintings at El Bosque, in the hilly country north of Alpera, a Spanish town about half-way between Albacete, situated in the plains of La Mancha, and Alicante, on the Mediterranean, throw a fresh light upon the life of prehistoric man in south-western Europe during the Magdalenian period of the great Ice Age.

These discoveries were carefully investigated by Professor the Abbé H. Breuil, to whom we are indebted for an exhaustive analysis of the subject published in

not fail to make use of these points of vantage. The Magdalenians were living in the course of the last phase of the Ice Age up to its close. If we bear in mind that the glaciation had not extended south of the Pyrenees, and that the general conditions of temperature were gradually improving in accordance with the retreat of the glaciers towards the north of Europe, it may be concluded that these men, all fishermen as well as hunters, settled in a country where game and fish were plentiful, were then enjoying a leisured existence. Everything tended to increase the general welfare.

The arts of painting and carving, well known among the kindred tribes on both sides of the Pyrenees, had spread through the peninsula. The craft in working bone and ivory into implements of war and peace, as well as personal ornaments, had created a flourishing industry, which indeed is typical of the Magdalenian period. It had originated during the Aurignacian times, and was practised by the Solutrians, who invented the bone needle, but are, however, chiefly remarkable for the astonishing perfection to which they carried the manufacture of flint implements. Among the Magdalenians, people

gifted with great intellectual ability, the industry acquired an extraordinary development. On the other hand, flint-dressing became neglected. Implements, although thoroughly effective, were made in simpler forms—well adapted, however, to practical purposes.

Artistic talent was devoted to the decoration of arms and tools and utensils with beautifully drawn engravings reproducing in a naturalistic manner the animals

on the embers; the bones and antlers, cut, polished, sharpened on sandstone for various purposes, provided easy occupation for young and old members of the tribe. Each followed his inclination, from the chipping of flint to the preparation of wood for bows, arrows, and spears; from the chiselling of harpoon-heads to the making of fishing-tackle.

The sculptor caressed with loving care the polished surface of his ivory handiwork; and the painter profited by whatever light might illumine the recesses of the shelter to cover its rough walls with marvellous designs depicting episodes of the chase or other incidents, often adding new drawings to some older figures—indeed, not hesitating to superimpose fresh compositions on some of a greater merit traced there many years before by other artists of the Cromagnon race, once inhabitants of the shelter.

The men would gather on the terrace for the performance of some religious rite before starting on a hunting expedition; or, after their roaming through the forests, would indulge in games, or simply rest in content, watching, perhaps, some dancing women after the meal of half-roasted meat had been disposed of under the eyes of the chief. Thus life went on at the dawn of human society in south-western Europe many thousand years ago, when the risks of war were few between the sparsely scattered populations, and peace was only disturbed by some occasional domestic quarrels.

Man had then won the mastery over the animals which at the beginning of the Pleistocene epoch rendered his life so precarious. His leisure allowed him, besides improving his material comfort, to evolve new thoughts. The traditions of his tribe were surely handed down by the words of the elders as well as by the brush of the artists. Early superstitions probably had already formed the rudiments of some kind of religion, and with religion came poetry and song.

All these, however, will remain unknown to us; but we may, perhaps, imagine a survival of them among the Magdalenians' distant cousins still in existence, the Red Indians of America.



STONE AGE HUNTING DOGS: A ROCK-DRAWING.

A dog appears in the hunting scene illustrated on the following page.

1912, with reproductions of his copies of the paintings, in the French periodical *L'Anthropologie*.

The pictures consist of a remarkable painted frieze in which men and animals are depicted. Other frescoes of a similar character both in artistic quality and in the indication of the fauna, had already been brought to light at other places in Spain—notably, Cogul and Cretas—and can be related, like the Alpera frescoes, to the Magdalenian art in France. Still, as Professor Breuil observes: "The latter offer a striking difference in the abundance of human representations, very life-like, also in the use of the bow, and even in the attitudes of the figures, to the frescoes of South Africa. These representations are grouped in hunting, or perhaps warlike, scenes." One must notice that the presence of the bow and of the dog reveals elements unknown in the French Magdalenian art, and "one is led to deduct that there existed in the east of Spain during the late Palæolithic period a Palæolithic population living also by hunting, but different in some respects from the French tribes, although influenced in a high degree by their art."

Putting aside, however, any question of æsthetics, these unexpected human representations, coupled with what we know from other sources of the industry of the period, permit us now on good authority to reconstitute the life of these Stone Age people, and that is the subject of our endeavour in the drawings reproduced on other pages.

These Palæolithic tribes, when not compelled by the rigour of the climate to find their dwelling in caverns

where they obtained protection against both the intense cold and the attacks of ferocious animals, lived under rock shelters on the sides of valleys.

One of these shelters is represented in the drawings. (Owing to some geological accident or the work of nature (such as the great floods of long-past ages) in the shaping of the valleys, more or less deep cavities were carved out of the rocky sides, which afforded accommodation for the tribe and a fair amount of security against attack.

When these shelters, like that at Alpera, happened to

WITH FEATHERED HEAD-DRESS, BOW, AND ARROWS: A STONE AGE ROCK-DRAWING OF A MAN DANCING.

This figure is reconstructed in our illustration of a Stone Age religious dance on the preceding page.

be situated near a spring of good water, and commanded a good survey of the country around, they became places of constant habitation, and were occupied in turn by the successive races who dwelt in the land from the remotest antiquity to modern times, and did



WITH HEAD-DRESS, BOW, AND ARROWS: A ROCK-DRAWING OF A STONE AGE HUNTER.

Similar figures, reconstructed, appear in our double-page illustration.

long-felt want of adequate images of the Magdalenians made by contemporary artists.

From these pictures, and with the help of previously known materials, it is easy to imagine what life was under the shelters. Tents made of skins sewn together by the women were erected here and there under the projecting rock. In front of the shelter a broad terrace—formed by old alluvial deposits, landslips, or fallen rocks and earth—extended along the valley, forming an excellent ground for exercise and play. There the boys learnt the use and handling of weapons, the children romped about, the men practised their shooting or patiently worked in the making of the numerous articles of their industry.

Some women stretched and scraped the fresh skins; others, with their bone needles and their sinews, could make the tent-coverings or any garments that were needed. A fire was kept burning in front of the shelter. The game killed by the hunters was cooked



A STONE AGE HUNTER SHOOTING: A ROCK-DRAWING.

Stone Age men shooting ibex are seen (reconstructed) on the following page.

living at the time. Some of the sculptures are famous for their beauty, as well as for the clever way in which they are adapted to a useful object.

In these, however, the human figure is rarely represented, and it is gratifying to find in the rock paintings of Alpera the



IN LONG DRESSES AND HEAD-FEATHERS: A ROCK-DRAWING OF STONE AGE WOMEN DANCING.

These two figures are reconstructed on our double-page illustration of a Stone Age domestic scene.



A STONE AGE HUNTING SCENE: A ROCK-DRAWING OF STAGS, IBEX, AND HUNTERS.

This hunting scene is reconstructed in the illustration on the following page.

WITH BONE-TIPPED ARROWS AND A DOG: STONE AGE IBEX-SHOOTING.

A RECONSTRUCTION-DRAWING BY A. FORRESTIER AFTER PREHISTORIC ROCK-PAINTINGS FOUND IN SPAIN, AND REPRODUCED BY THE ABBE BREUIL IN "L'ANTHROPOLOGIE."



ONE DISGUISED AS AN ANIMAL, WITH A BISON'S TAIL IN HIS BELT: STONE AGE HUNTERS OF SOUTH-WEST EUROPE.

The hunters are seen hidden in the woods on either side of a gully, down which rushes a herd of ibex. They are seen shooting arrows at the deer. As they wear no quiver, when they are not carrying their arrows in their hand they plant them in the ground point upwards. The arrow-heads are made of carved bone, with one barb, or harpoon, like a unilateral row of teeth. Some of the hunters throw spears at the deer. One is disguised in a skin covering, and has fixed in his belt a bison's tail, after the fashion

of modern South African hunters, to deceive and approach the quarry. An important feature is the presence of a dog, which looks like a half-tamed wolf. On the frieze painting from which the details are borrowed, several of these dog-like animals are represented, some with a bushy tail, like the jackal, others with a pointed tail, like the wolf's. Jackals were held in captivity at the time of the first Egyptian dynasty. Dogs were not supposed to have been domesticated before Neolithic times.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A CALL TO ARMS; OR, NEWS OF APPROACHING GAME: A HUNTER INTERRUPTS A DOMESTIC SCENE IN THE STONE AGE.

A RECONSTRUCTION-DRAWING BY A. FORESTIER AFTER PREHISTORIC ROCK-PAINTINGS

FOUND IN SPAIN, AND REPRODUCED BY THE ABBÉ BREUIL IN "L'ANTHROPOLOGIE"



DOMESTIC LIFE AMONG STONE AGE ROCK-DWELLERS IN THE MAGDALENIAN PERIOD OF THE
WITH FLINT TOOLS; CLEANING SKINS; PRACTISING ARCHERY; WOMEN

The shelter is a natural excavation out of the valley side, of a depth of about 15 to 20 feet, and commands an extensive view. Skin-covered tents are erected under the roof; wood is stacked for the fire burning at the mouth of the shelter. Rough scaffolding is fixed for cutting up and hanging the game. In the foreground a number of men, women, and boys are busy making bone and wood implements; flints are used as tools for carving harpoons, arrow and spear heads, and flint axes and implements of beautiful workmanship are much in use. The new feature of the period is the bow, believed until lately to have been invented much later by the men of the Neolithic Age. On the terrace extending in front of the shelter along part of the valley side, boys and men are practising shooting at some target; children are at play; and two

PLEISTOCENE EPOCH IN SOUTH-WESTERN EUROPE: MAKING BONE AND WOOD IMPLEMENTS
DANCING; AND AN ARTIST AT WORK ON A ROCK-PAINTING.

women are scraping a fresh skin. A group of hunters stand and squat near the fire, looking at two women in tight-fitting fur robes dancing together after the Eastern and Egyptian manner. The dance may have a religious significance, as one of them holds the statuette of some deity. At that moment a hunter up from the valley below arrives on the terrace uttering a call. His features are those of a North American Indian warrior; he wears feathers for head-gear, and fur garters and anklets, which may be a kind of rough moccasins. He brandishes his bow, and carries two short flint-headed spears and a stone axe. His may be a call to arms, or the warning of a coming herd of deer. At the back of the shelter an artist is seen at work painting on the rock surface.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

THE WORLD OF FLIGHT

ON COMPETITION AND COMPETITIONS.

By C. G. GREY,

Editor of "The Aeroplane."

QUITE a good deal of the future of British Aviation will depend on how things develop during next year, and, just as competition is good for trade, so competitions are good for trade. That is to say, as a number of firms who compete against one another for a certain amount of possible business stir up public interest in that business and increase the total amount of business available, so competitions also, through the prizes offered or through advertisement which results from winning them, stimulate

indicate in *The Illustrated London News* that this competition is not likely to do anybody very much good, in that its regulations are not likely to produce any vast improvement on existing machines, and it is only likely to put the aircraft industry to a lot of expense in order to advertise the Air Ministry. The second is a seaplane race more or less on the lines of the Schneider Cup Race. This was to have been held at the end of October in this year, but was postponed owing to the railway strike, though it is difficult to see what a railway

hanging about for weeks and weeks on end, and in any case is not likely to be of any interest to the public. It is, naturally, important to interest the public in aeroplane competitions if they are to be of any financial use to the Aircraft Industry, and therefore it is to be hoped that there will be competitions other than the seaplane race and the Aerial Derby. Before the war quite interesting races were held from London to Manchester and back, London to Brighton and back, and London to Paris and back. These might be revived with advantage next year. Also, such is the growing interest in aviation among all classes in the provinces, that there should be little or no difficulty in organising quite important aeroplane competitions between great provincial centres.

Whatever may be our programme in this country, it is evident that in America there is no lack of confidence in aviation, if one may judge by the proposed competitions in, or starting from, that continent. There is, for example, a 50,000 dols. prize for a trans-Pacific flight, organised by the Aero Club of America, from America to Hawaii. Another competition, which is called an Aerial Derby, is a race across the American Continent only. This is to be held in June or July next, and it is understood that the prizes will probably amount to 100,000 dols. An even more ambitious project involves a prize of 25,000 dols for the first flight from New York to Paris. In this, apparently, an aviator may go across America, Asia and Europe, or he may fly the Atlantic and so arrive in Paris within a couple of days.

Still bigger than this is another "Aerial Derby" organised by the Aero Club of America, in which the course is a complete circuit of the world. It is stated by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, in a circular letter sent out to its members, that the prizes for this competition "will probably amount to \$1,000,000, but particulars have not yet been received." The extreme improbability of the prizes being won for a number of years is doubtless sufficient to embolden many people to guarantee the prize fund, so long as they are not asked to put up the money on the spot. On the other hand, it would be an excellent speculation for the Aero Club of America to acquire the amount of the prize fund in hard cash and invest it in trustee stock until such time as the money is won. It seems probable that the interest would equal the capital



A MACHINE WHICH FLEW TO PARIS IN 2 HOURS 10 MINUTES: THE NEW TYPE HANDLEY-PAGE COMMERCIAL AEROPLANE "W8."

Commercial aviation has hitherto been conducted with converted military machines, but the new Handley-Page has been specially built for the work. Its big saloon, 22 ft. long, can carry 15 to 20 passengers, or a cargo up to 2 tons. It is luxuriously furnished, and has port-holes along each side, one for each occupant. The aeroplane can fly on one engine should the other fail. It is the first big commercial machine designed in Great Britain.

competition between firms or individuals and so stir up public interest and increase the consequent trade.

During the past year the Aircraft Industry has laid the seeds of big business in joy-riding for next year. As one has pointed out in these pages on various occasions, an astounding number of joy-ride passengers have been carried by various makes of machines between June and September of the present year and not a single life has been lost in the process. Probably a fair estimate of the number of passengers carried would be about 50,000, and the mileage cannot be much less than 500,000, which is fairly good going without a fatality, and without even a serious accident. All these people have been bitten by the aviation microbe, and not only will the majority of them want to fly again next year, but they will infect their friends, and so the demand for joy-rides will produce more and more machines and the competition among all these extra machines run by different firms will produce more and more passengers.

The more people who take to flying as passengers, the more interest there will naturally be in flying competitions, and it is therefore to be hoped that the Royal Aero Club, which, though self-appointed in the first instance, is now recognised as being the governing body in the sport of aviation, will lay itself out, in conjunction with the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, to organise something like a really good programme of competitions for next year. The only competition which the Aero Club attempted to organise this year—namely, the Schneider Cup Seaplane Race at Southampton—was one of the most lamentable fiascos in the history of any sport; but the mere failure of that attempt will, one hopes, induce the Committee of the Royal Aero Club to wake up and make a really serious effort for next year. But if the effort is to be made it is time for the Committee of the Royal Aero Club to start now to organise its programme, and that programme ought to be published before the end of this year if the various owners and constructors of aircraft are to make their arrangements in good time for the various competitions, and thus make the competitions themselves a success.

So far as this country is concerned, only two competitions are definitely fixed. The first is the Government Competition, in which prizes to the amount of £64,000 are being offered: one has already ventured to

strike has to do with a flying competition. It may be assumed, however, that the Aerial Derby Race round London, which had become an annual event even before the war and was revived in the summer of this year, will also be organised and held next year, either by the Grahame-White Company, who originated the race, or by the Royal Aero Club, or by somebody else if the Grahame-White Company adheres next year to its recent policy of not trying to hold aeroplane races.



THE MEN WHO ACCOMPLISHED THE FIRST FLIGHT FROM ENGLAND TO AUSTRALIA: CAPT. ROSS SMITH AND THE CREW OF THE VICKERS-VIMY-ROLLS MACHINE.

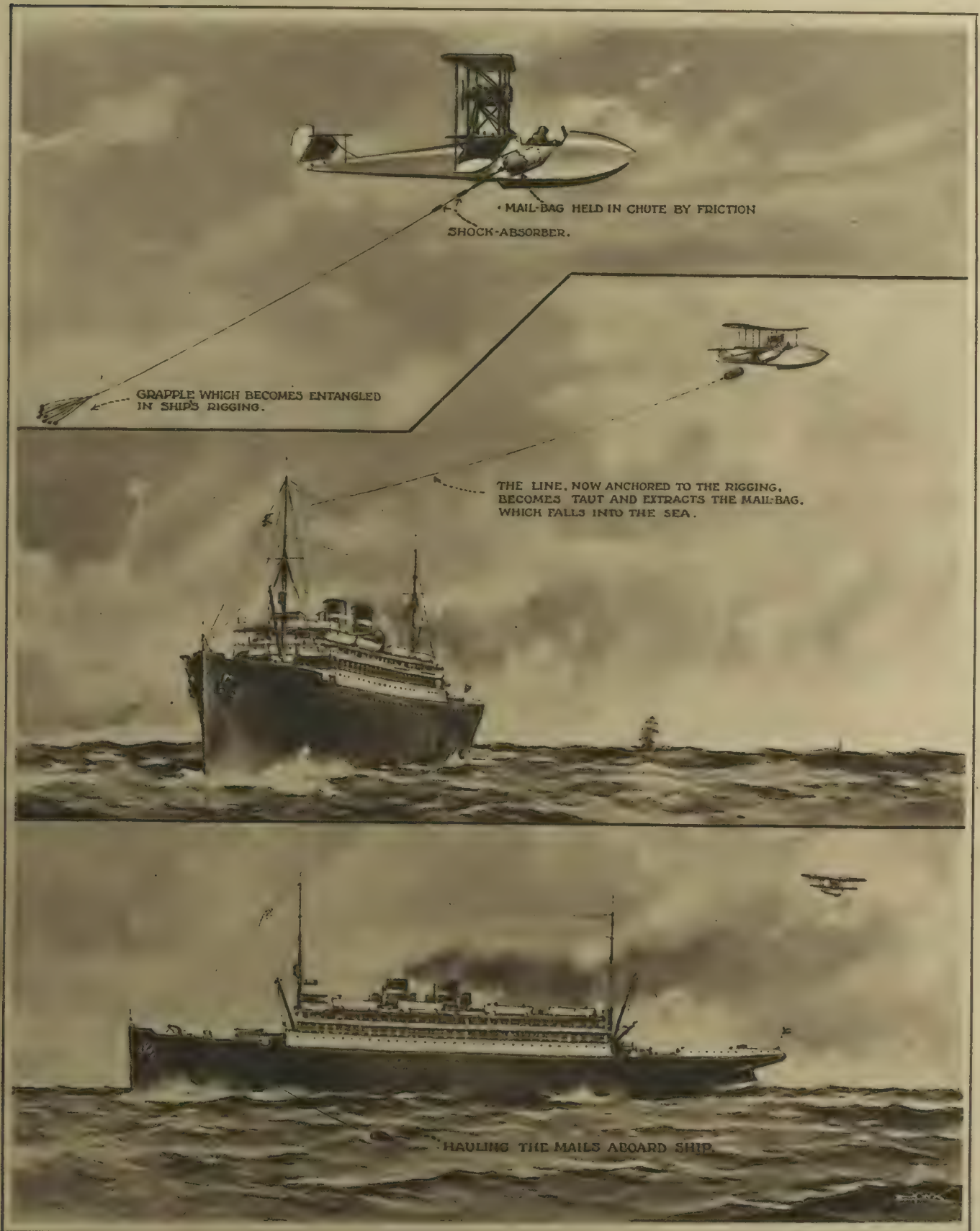
Capt. Ross Smith left Hounslow on November 12, and arrived at Port Darwin, in Northern Australia, on December 10. The stages were: Lyons, Pisa, Rome, Taranto, Suda Bay, Cairo, Damascus, Ramadie, Basra, Bunder Abbas (Persia), Karachi (India), Delhi, Allahabad, Calcutta, Rangoon, Bangkok, Singapore, Java, and Port Darwin. The total distance flown was 11,294 miles. Our photograph shows (left to right): Sergt. W. H. Shiers, Lieut. K. M. Smith, Capt. Ross Smith, and Sergt. J. M. Bennett.

Apparently the Government Aeroplane Competition will be held about next spring, and, consisting as it does, according to the rules, of a variety of different tests, it may keep the competing machines and pilots

by that time. These ambitious American projects look very well on paper, but so far as this country is concerned, one would prefer to see a modest practical programme of competitions organised for next year.

AIR MAIL DELIVERY TO SHIPS AT SEA: A NEW EXPERIMENT.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.



GRAPPLING THE SHIP'S RIGGING WITH A "CAT-O'-SEVEN-TAILS": A MAIL-BAG ATTACHED TO A TRAILING LINE DROPPED FROM A FLYING BOAT TO A LINER AFTER LEAVING PORT.

New work for the aerial postman is shown in the above drawings, which are based on a small diagram in a recent number of the "Aeroplane." They illustrate an ingenious experiment carried out with success by the United States postal authorities, in conjunction with the Aeromarine Company, for catching up a liner after she has left port and dropping a mail-bag for her to pick up. An article on the subject appears on another page of this issue. Here it may be explained briefly that the mail-bag is carried by the

flying-boat in a chute built on to the starboard side of the hull, and slanting downwards. The bag is held in position by friction. Attached to it is a trailing line with a seven-tailed grapple at the end for catching the rigging of the ship. When it catches, the line (which is prevented from breaking by means of shock-absorbers) is pulled taut and the mail-bag is jerked out of the chute to fall into the sea. It is then hauled on board the liner.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

MATTERS OF INTEREST.

AIR MAIL DELIVERY TO SHIPS AT SEA.

(SEE ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGE 1025.)

ON another page of this issue we illustrate the method used for the delivery of urgent correspondence by aeroplane to a ship at sea, the mails having arrived at the port of departure some time after the ship had left on its journey to another country. Acting upon instructions given by the United States Post Office, preliminary experiments were made by the Aeromarine Plane and Motor Company of Keyport, New Jersey. Numerous ideas were considered as to the best means to be employed to ensure the safety of the mails whilst being transferred from the aeroplane flying at a speed of sixty miles per hour to the ship travelling at probably twenty knots, and subsequently it was decided to experiment with a trailing line about two hundred feet in length, one end of which was attached to the mail-bag supported at the side of the flying-boat's hull, the free end of the line being weighted, the idea being to fly the line over the ship, when the weighted end, becoming entangled in the rigging, would tug the mail-bag from the aeroplane. The bag would, of course, fall into the sea, but could easily be drawn in by the line to the ship.

A fifty-foot mast, with guy-ropes representing the rigging of a ship, was erected on the beach at Keyport, and the flying-boat made a number of tests to discover what happened when the weighted end of the line entangled the ropes. It was found that one weight was not sufficient to guarantee entanglement; therefore, five tails of sash-cord and two of steel cable, each weighted by a bag containing one-and-a-half pounds of lead shot, were attached to the end of the line. The next test proved the holding power of the new weights, but the line snapped when trying to extract a mail-bag weighing one hundred pounds. The cord line was replaced by another of five-thirty-seconds cable connected with a rubber shock-absorber having strands half-an-inch thick, but this broke on the next attempt. Subsequently, three stronger shock-absorbers were introduced into the line, and the line, with its shock-absorbers in series, was continuous from the weighted end to the mail-bag.

The bag is contained in a built-up veneer chute rigidly attached to starboard of the flying-boat at an angle of fifteen degrees, sloping downwards to the rear. As the bag is only held in the chute by friction, it is extracted from the chute directly the weighted end of the trailing line catches in the ship's rigging. Additional trials made with the new arrangements proved that secure entanglement and extraction of the mail-bag could be relied upon every time; but the experimental bag was found to be too weak to withstand the shock of its fall—a minor difficulty easily overcome by the provision of a suitably reinforced bag.

Finally (states a recent issue of the *Aeroplane*), it was decided to make the actual trial by delivering mails to the White Star liner *Adriatic*, which sailed from New York on Aug. 14 last. Considerable apprehension was felt as to the result with a moving ship, and this was by no means lessened by the fact that on the morning of Aug. 14 the weather was far from favourable. However, the decision was given for the attempt to be made, and accordingly Pilot Zimmerman brought the flying-boat to New York. After the necessary formalities with the Post Office officials, when the pilot and mechanic were sworn in as temporary Post Office messengers, the mail was placed in the special sack, taken on board the flying-boat, and at 1.30 p.m., fully an hour after the sailing of the *Adriatic*, the flight was commenced. At 2.10 p.m., one hour and forty-five minutes after the liner had left port, the flying-boat was encircling the ship. A few seconds later the attempt was made, the weighted line catching the forward stay as planned, and the mail-bag dropped into the sea, to be hauled aboard by the *Adriatic* sailors a few minutes later. The pilot made certain that the mail was delivered, and then flew back to report.

The achievement described above is yet another example of the unique tasks which the modern aeroplane is able to undertake; but, although the method is novel in regard to its use for marine purposes, it may be stated that the general idea is somewhat similar to that adopted by British air units during the war

on land. The dropping of messages on a pre-arranged ground target is a simple task; but the picking up of such from the ground entailed problems which eventually were solved by the practical testing of various ideas put forward by those interested in the subject. One quite successful device consisted of two poles erected about seventy feet apart. A line suspended across the tops of the poles held a message-bag at each end, or a message-bag at one end and a counter-weight at the other. The aeroplane flew across the target, trailing a line fitted with a number of metal hooks, some of which caught up the line holding the message-bags, which were hauled up to the aeroplane by the pilot, who proceeded to his destination, where the messages could either be dropped or personally delivered after the machine came to the ground.

ITALIAN RENAISSANCE MEDALS.

(SEE ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGE 1027.)

THE portrait medal is a typical product of the Italian Renaissance. It had been the custom of Roman Emperors to issue pieces which, while adjusted to the monetary standards of the time, were remarkably alike for their larger size and the special significance of their types. Though not strictly medals in the modern sense, their purpose was primarily commemorative, and they were struck for distribution on special occasions. The Italian medal was entirely unofficial in origin, but it is the direct descendant of these Roman "medallions," as they are called by collectors, examples of which would be found in all the cabinets of antiquities that were being so eagerly formed in Italy by the scholars and princes of the Quattrocento. It is significant that the earliest piece produced by the first of the medallists, Pisanello (whose portrait appears as No. 10 on our plate), should be the splendid medal of John Paleologus, last but one of the Roman Emperors of Constantinople, made on the occasion of his visit to Italy in 1438.

Once fairly launched, the medal won for itself instant popularity. The men and women of the Renaissance were keenly conscious of their own individuality, and desirous to record it; in the medal they found an easy means. Once a medal was cast from the original wax model (and until the sixteenth century nearly all medals were cast from moulds, and not, like coins, struck from dies), a large number of replicas could be taken without difficulty, and these were distributed almost in the way that we might give photographs to our friends to-day. The important side of the medal, the obverse, was reserved for the portrait of the sitter; while the reverse displayed either his personal device, often a hieroglyphic pun of the most obscure character, or an important scene in his life (perhaps the occasion of the medal), or again, and most commonly, an allegorical composition magnifying his personal qualities.

Indeed, this passion for eternal fame has its ironic side. There is a medal with the figure of Fame and the grandiloquent inscription "*Numquam moriar*" (I shall never die) on the one side, on the other a portrait of a certain Antonio Bosco. To-day it is the sole record of his existence. The change in the method of producing the medal by casting from moulds to striking from dies, which began in the sixteenth century, is significant also of a change in style. Casting favours high relief and boldness in treatment which may easily degenerate into coarseness, as in such medals as that of Francesco da Sangallo (No. 6). The earliest and best medals are like sculpture in little. The classical medallions, however, which with the growing passion for the antique were more and more accepted as models, were struck from dies, and this method necessitated lower relief and encouraged high finish and niceness of detail, which easily tended to become affected. Vettor Gambeolo, the Venetian (No. 13), Master of the Papal Mint 1514-19, made important improvements in the method of striking, and was the first to produce struck medals on a considerable scale; but before his time the tendency had been to produce work more like the goldsmith's than the sculptor's; and in the next century the triumph of the engraver is complete.

While it is true that very few medals of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are entirely lacking in artistic

distinction of some kind, it is the portrait which is the prime interest to us, as it was the chief preoccupation of the medallist. Some few years ago the Medici Society published a book ("*Portrait Medals of the Italian Artists of the Renaissance*," by G. F. Hill) from which the medals here illustrated have been selected; and, in spite of its purposely limited scope, a glance at our plate will show what varied interest, often combined with high artistic merit, lies in this gallery of portraits.

Leone Battista Alberti (1404-1472; No. 1) ranks with Leonardo and Michaelangelo as one of the universal geniuses of the Renaissance. He was scholar, lawyer, artist, scientist, and, before all, architect. On another medal, possibly from his own hand, his device is added—a winged human eye, which may refer to his optical discoveries.

No. 2, with the busts of Bassanio and Cavino (1500-1570), by the latter, is a good example of the struck medal in the dry classical manner. Indeed, Cavino is best known as the author of a whole series of imitations, (or perhaps it would not be too much to call them forgeries) of Roman coins remarkable for their technical excellence, which are one of the pitfalls of the unwary collector. Bassanio was a scholar who lent his knowledge of antiquity to back Cavino's skill.

The medal of Titian (No. 3), of Michaelangelo (No. 9), and of Vasari (No. 8), to whom we owe so much of our knowledge of the artistic history of the time, are by Leone Leoni, the rival of Benvenuto Cellini, whose varied career his own seems in some degree to have resembled. On another medal he records his gratitude to Andrea Doria, the Doge of Genoa, for his release from the galleys, whither he had been condemned for a violent assault on a German goldsmith in the service of the Pope.

The curiously individual, if rather unpleasant, portrait (No. 4) of the Florentine bronze-caster Averlino (1400-1460) is by his own hand. He also placed his portrait on the reliefs on the bronze doors of St. Peter's which the Pope commissioned him to make, adding the characteristic sentence, "My assistants may boast of the work—I am glad that it is done."

No. 5, a fine piece of work, shows the portrait (by himself) of Crivelli (1463-1552), the famous goldsmith and friend of Cellini, who migrated from his native Milan to "the paradise of goldsmiths," Rome, where the house which he built for himself at the end of his successful career still stands.

The Florentine sculptor Sangallo (1494-1576) is the author of the portrait of himself on No. 6, carrying to almost brutal excess the treatment seen in the work of some of his predecessors. The same qualities are apparent in the very individual head of (No. 7) Lanciotti (1472), possibly done by himself. Though a painter, he is known to us only by a treatise upon his art, and the greater part of his life was spent in travels through Italy, Spain, and Africa, to which presumably the design on the reverse refers.

No. 11 is a pretty little medal of Pomedelli, the sixteenth-century painter and engraver of Verona, by himself. The reverse, with its figure of Hercules, is a copy of a common coin of the Greek island of Thasos of the third century before Christ, and is a good example of the direct influence exercised by the antique.

The medal of the famous Venetian, Gentile Bellini, (No. 12) is a fine specimen of the art of Vettor Gambeolo, of whom we have already spoken. Bellini is here called "*Eques Comesque*," Knight and Count, titles conferred on him by Sultan Mohammed II., whose portrait he painted. Gambeolo also made a struck medal of himself (No. 13) in his fully developed classical manner. The portrait of Bramante (No. 14), the architect of St. Peter's, is the work of Caradosso; the classical treatment of the bust with the arms cut off is remarkable. The reverse is a personification of architecture, with a view of St. Peter's in the background. Caradosso (c. 1450-1527) was a goldsmith who, like Crivelli, left Milan for Rome to enter the service of the Popes.

E. S. G. ROBINSON.

AS WE USE PHOTOGRAPHS: ITALIAN RENAISSANCE PORTRAIT MEDALS.



1. BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST: LEONE BATTISTA ALBERTI.
2. BY CAVINO: ALESSANDRO BASSIANO AND GIOVANNI DAL CAVINO.
3. BY LEONE LEONI: TITIAN.
4. BY HIMSELF: ANTONIO AVERLINO (FILARETE).

5. BY HIMSELF: GIAN PIETRO CRIVELLI.
6. BY HIMSELF: FRANCESCO DA SANGALLO.
7. BY HIMSELF: FRANCESCO LANCIOTTI.
8. BY LEONE LEONI: GIORGIO VASARI.
9. BY LEONE LEONI: MICHELANGELO.

10. BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST: PISANELLO.
11. BY HIMSELF: GIAN MARIA POMEDELLI.
12. BY VETTOR GAMBELO: GENTILE BELLINI.
13. BY HIMSELF: VETTOR GAMBELO.
14. BY CARADOSSO: DONATO DI ANGELO BRAMANTE.

Details of these very interesting medals will be found in an article on another page, by Mr. E. S. G. Robinson, of the Department of Coins and Medals at the British Museum. "It had been the custom of the Roman Emperors," he writes, "to issue pieces which, while adjusted to the monetary standards of the time, were remarkably alike for their larger size and the special significance of their types. Though not strictly medals in the modern sense, their purpose was primarily commemorative. . . . The Italian medal was

entirely unofficial in origin, but it is the direct descendant of these Roman 'medallions,' as they are called by collectors. . . . The men and women of the Renaissance were keenly conscious of their own individuality, and desirous to record it; in the medal they found an easy means. Once a medal was cast from the original wax model . . . a large number of replicas could be taken without difficulty, and these were distributed almost in the way that we might give photographs to our friends to-day."

HAWKING THEIR HOUSEHOLD GOODS IN THE STREETS: THE TRAGEDY OF THE RUSSIAN MIDDLE CLASS UNDER BOLSHEVISM.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY MR. PAUL DUKES.



INCLUDING TOYS, CLOTHES, HERRINGS, PATTIES, AND SUGAR AT SIX TO EIGHT ROUBLES A LUMP: PEOPLE OF ALL CLASSES IN PETROGRAD SELLING FOOD AND HOUSEHOLD GOODS OF EVERY SORT, CONTRARY TO BOLSHEVIST REGULATIONS.

The market places and many streets of Petrograd are crowded daily with thousands selling every conceivable sort of goods, mostly odds and ends of ornaments, children's toys, torn and ragged clothing, old boots, and unappetising comestibles. Herrings, patties, lumps of sugar, and rusk are the commonest comestibles sold. People go out into the country, procure a little food from the peasants, and with what is left after supplying their own wants they make these patties, which are sold at prices ranging from five to ten roubles each (formerly the equivalent of ten and twenty shillings). Sugar goes at six to eight roubles a lump. The authorities endeavour to check this widespread trading in the streets; and from time to time

bands of guards chase the sellers away, confiscating the goods of a few unfortunate victims. But for many people this is the sole means of livelihood, and it is pursued on too large a scale to be suppressed. Amongst the sellers one finds all classes of the population: peasants, *bourgeois*, soldiers, and children. A large proportion are women. The *bourgeois* are selling off their last household possessions. Among the articles being offered for sale in our illustration may be seen a rocking-horse, a pair of stays, a vase, matches, cigarettes, and fish. One man is holding out a few lumps of sugar in his hand.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

Under Bolshevist Rule: III. Suppressing Revolt.

By PAUL DUKES.

"YOUR documents, please!"

I was stopped by a youth of some fifteen or sixteen summers, dressed in the uniform of the Red Army—rough brown boots, yellow breeches, a brown shirt with a leather belt, and an army cap with a white band round it. He carried a rifle with bayonet fixed. His accent was difficult to determine, but he was not a Russian.

I was walking down the Nevsky Prospect, the great highway of Petrograd, one evening early this summer. I had shown my papers on crossing the bridge, and again near the Winter Palace. This was the third time I had been accosted in half an hour.

"Your documents, please!"

I pulled my papers out again. The first showed me "verily to be Ivan Pavlovitch Pavloff." That was not exactly my name, but it will do here. A second paper showed that "comrade Pavloff" was engaged at a munition-works as a designer, and was consequently exempted from military service. Later, I enlisted in the Red Army. I will tell you another time how I did so, and how I deserted.

The youth glanced at my papers cursorily, handed them back, and stopped the next passer-by.

Bill Shatoff was busy. Bill Shatoff was Commandant of Petrograd. Warm weather set in in May, and deserters were fleeing in swarms from the army.

"sack-carriers," from whom the Bolsheviks are unable to extract it, at sixty or seventy roubles a pound.

A "great counter-revolutionary plot" was discovered, and all the foreign missions and legations must be implicated. All the foreigners must be spies; all the missions—Greek, Dutch, Swiss, Argentine, Spanish, and half-a-dozen others—spy-nests. This needed somebody bigger than a Bill Shatoff. This needed a Peters, head of the All-Russian Extraordinary Commission for the Suppression of the Counter-Revolution and Speculation—the Bolshevik Inquisition. So Peters was called up from Moscow, and the Red Terror began.

There is a sudden ring at the door. Three a.m. With heavy forebodings, you admit the group of guards or sailors outside. There are generally some workmen and women with them. "We have an order to search this dwelling," they say. "Tell everyone to rise and assemble in one room."

A sentinel is stationed at the front and back doors.

"All documents, please!"

This time the examination is no cursory one. The papers are read with care, and the dates checked. All documents are compared with the entries in the House Book, kept by the house-porter. Any unregistered visitor is immediately arrested. The male inhabitants are searched by the men-searchers, the women-folk by

"counter-revolution." The victims were executed by machine-gun fire in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul.

As for the villages, a proclamation was published threatening to burn to the ground every village where a deserter should be found concealed by the villagers.

I had the ill luck at this very time to have over-dated documents. I had joined the army at the beginning of June, and had been given temporary papers. But my commander had gone to Moscow, and I could not renew my papers till his return. My documents were invalid.

I procured false ones, but with searches in every house I dared not spend the night in any of my usual quarters. When deserters or "counter-revolutionaries" are caught, it is the other inmates of the flat or lodging who are made responsible.

There was only one place I could go to. It was the flat of a friend who had told me a few days before that if ever I were in danger he could always hide me. He lived in the Ligovka, a long wide street of notorious riotousness running from the Nevsky Prospect to the Obvodny Canal. Knowing he came home late, I knocked at his door at a quarter to eleven. There was no reply. I waited till eleven. Still no reply. I learnt afterwards that he also was in hiding.

As I emerged from the house just after eleven, a



WHERE VICTIMS OF THE BOLSHEVISTS WERE EXECUTED BY MACHINE-GUN FIRE: THE FORTRESS OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL IN PETROGRAD—A VIEW FROM THE NEVA.

Bill Shatoff was out to catch them. There had been a scare about an imagined declaration of war by Finland. Yudenitch had been advancing on Petrograd. It was expected that Petrograd would be taken in a few days. That has been expected since the beginning of this year. No one could be more astonished at the non-realisation of this expectation than the Bolsheviks. Complete preparations for evacuation have been made half-a-dozen times since January.

I was stopped three or four times more before I reached the end of the Nevsky; so, like other people, I carried my documents ready in my hand to show. Most of the guards who do this patrol duty are very youthful. Most of them are also of very unprepossessing mien. Most of them talk Russian badly, and with an accent. Some of them cannot read the papers they are told to examine.

Then, one evening these over-zealous patrols held up an automobile with some of the highest officers of the 7th Army, who had come to Petrograd for an important conference. How should the patrols know who they were? Commanders of the 7th Army? Oh, we've heard that story before! Off you come to the nearest Commissariat!

Thus Bill Shatoff's patrols brought him into bad repute, and Bill Shatoff himself was removed from his post and put on a back shelf.

But the "counter-revolution" was growing apace, and this time, it was said, the real counter-revolution—not simply the working women cursing the "comrade Communists" who passed them as they stood in the bread queues. For bread queues continue, despite the bread cards. There is rarely enough to go quite round. Those who come too late have to buy it from peasant

the workwomen, while the soldiers search the flat. Woe betide the family in whose lodging a revolver, a sword, a dagger, or a rifle be found! And a few pounds of sugar or flour will brand you as a "speculator," and consequently as an enemy of the State.

Peters began by raiding the neutral missions. It is said that from the Swiss and Netherlands Missions the Bolsheviks took twenty million roubles in money, and untold quantities of valuables stored by foreigners who had left. Britishers who entrusted their goods and chattels to the care of these neutral missions will never see them again. Nothing was left. Forty lorries full of goods were taken from the Swiss Mission.

Peters was radical. He threatened to exterminate the *Bourgeoisie* completely, and thus eradicate the internal "counter-revolution."

In four days in the middle of June nearly half the lodgings in Petrograd were searched. The entire Communist Party, with all official sympathisers, mustering an army of about 20,000, were mobilised for the purpose. Thousands of arrests were made. For several days you saw gangs of captured deserters, mostly workmen, being marched through the streets.

Even Peters could not stop street trading, but he rigidly enforced the regulation that no one must be in the street after eleven o'clock in the evening. People were surrounded in crowds, men, women, and children together, and marched off for examination. Sometimes they were kept all night. One building where such crowds were kept had a notice over the door: "Here are gathered those who are branded with the shameful name of deserter."

No one knows exactly how many people suffered as the result of Peters' methods of suppressing the

band of guards came round the corner to clear the streets. But they rushed first to round up the crowd of street traders who were still disposing of their goods. Having nothing in my hands, I managed to slip by and ran across the street. I walked hurriedly down the Ligovka, crossed the canal, and turned to the left. My object was to get down to the river and hide among the old broken-up barges.

But under the first railway bridge there stood a sentinel. I turned abruptly to the right and walked straight out of the town.

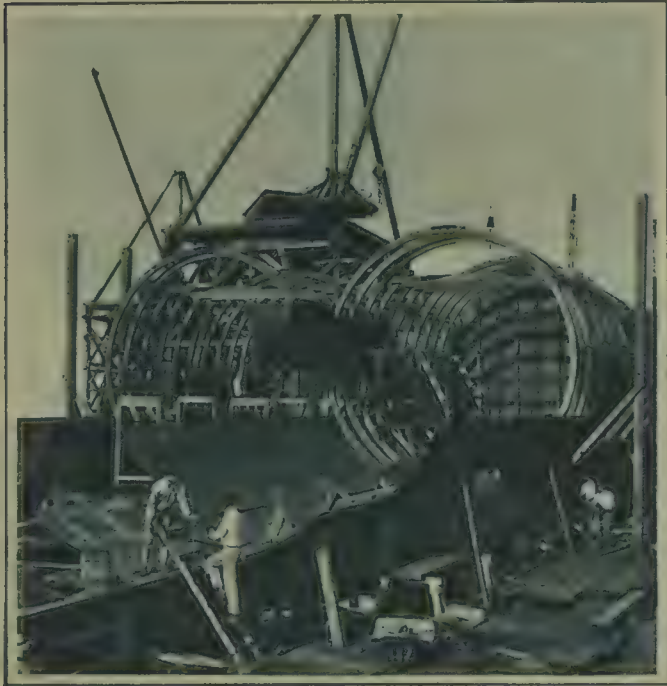
It was midsummer, the time of the White Nights, when it is twilight at midnight. There was no cover of darkness. I climbed through a hole in the palings of the old Volkoff Cemetery, a mile out of the town. The tomb I chose was an old stone one, dry but very cold. The tombstone told me one Michael Semashko was buried there thirty years ago.

Next morning I walked into town early and lay down on a bench at the Tsarkoe Railway Station and slept. I saw some curious things that day. I saw a "woman" six feet high, with a thick veil, striding rapidly out of the town, as I had done the evening before. When the figure had passed, I noticed it had top-boots on under the skirt.

The next three days friends brought me food to a garden in the city. In the evenings I went out to Michael Semashko's tomb and slept in it.

I thank you, Michael Semashko. May your soul rest in peace! Do you know, I wonder, that you did me such a service in your last resting-place? Some day I will come back and place a wreath on your tomb. And I have promised that I will burn a candle to you in the beautiful Kazan Cathedral every year on June 15.

THE UNSINKABLE-SHIP PROBLEM AGAIN: A NOVEL FRENCH SOLUTION.



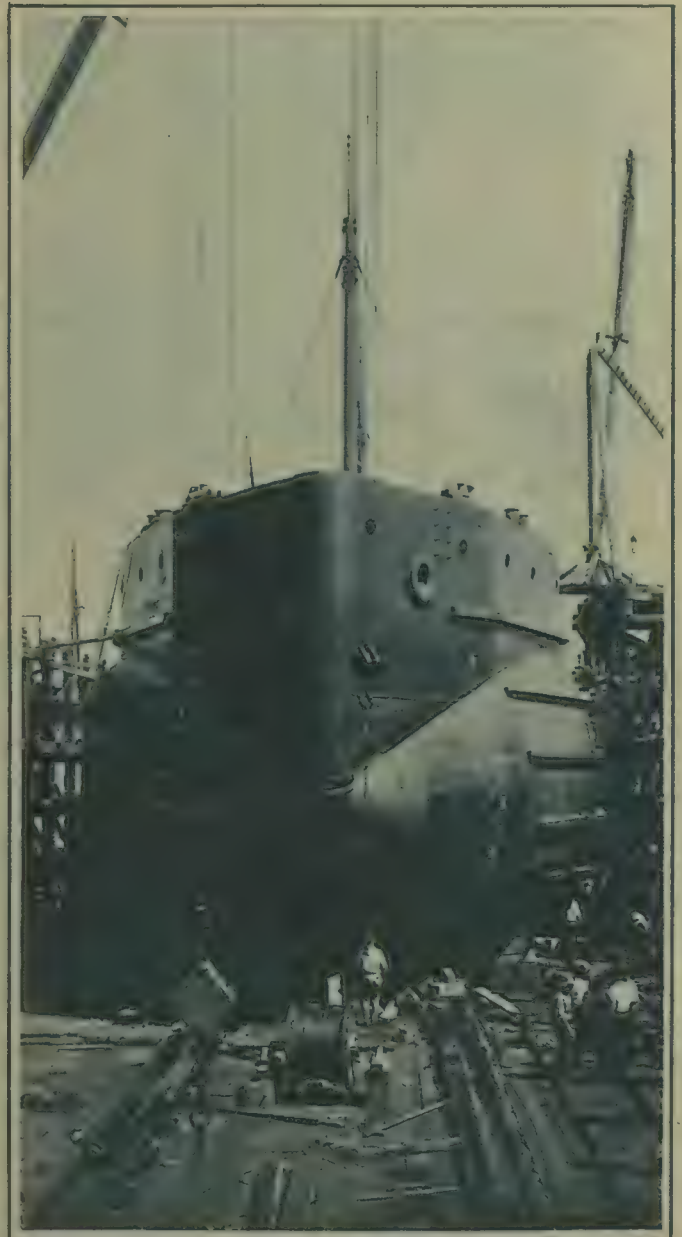
THE BUILDING OF THE UNSINKABLE SHIP: PLACING IN POSITION THE TWIN CYLINDRICAL HULLS.



A PIONEER CARGO-SHIP ON PECULIAR LINES: THE STARBOARD SIDE OF THE "CAUCHY," THE FIRST VESSEL OF HER TYPE.

MANY attempts have been made to solve the problem of rendering ships unsinkable, which the experience of submarine warfare has made more urgent than ever. Last year two French Naval officers, Messrs. Leparmentier, hit on an ingenious solution. Instead of doubling the thickness of the hull, they conceived the idea of joining two hulls together and enclosing them in a single one. The French Government took an interest in the scheme and decided to build five boats on their system. Owing to shortage of labour and material, the Under-Secretary of the Merchant Marine arranged with the Government of the United States to build these boats. A yard was established at New Orleans, and the first two boats were placed on the stocks. They were named after two famous mathematicians, "Cauchy" and "Lagrange." Our photographs show the "Cauchy," the first to be completed, at various stages before and after her launch. These boats, which are built of steel, are about 328 ft. long, with a displacement of 5835 tons. The amount of cargo they can carry is 4240 tons. They are fitted with two engines each working a screw. The two cylindrical hulls are each divided into compartments by watertight bulkheads. The space between the hulls serves for water-ballast. All the boats are identical in type, and their construction is so simple that there is no need to employ specialist workmen. By this system of uniting two cylindrical hulls, their inner

[Continued in Box below.]



SHOWING HER ROUNDED HULL: THE BOWS OF THE "CAUCHY," AT THE MOMENT OF LAUNCHING.

[Continued.]

sides form, without loss of continuity, two longitudinal curved bulkheads much stronger than the flat bulkheads of ordinary ships. Moreover, the transverse bulkheads, having none of the usual emergency openings in them, greatly increase the strength of the ship's framework. The combined transverse and longitudinal bulkheading seems to ensure to the utmost extent the ship's capacity for remaining afloat. From the commercial point of view, the system makes it possible to carry a loose cargo of liquids, such as petrol, oil, wine, and so

[Continued below.]

[Continued.]

on; or of grain, nitrates, minerals, and coal. It would be equally applicable for the conveyance of frozen meat or live fish. The added weight of the water-ballast between the hulls considerably reduces the draught of the vessels and enables them to enter rivers

and to trade at small ports of shallow anchorage. A 7300-ton vessel of this type could go up the Seine as far as Rouen, while one of 1200 tons could reach Paris or ascend the Rhine as far as Strasburg.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

MR. KIPLING began his poetical career as a boy prodigy with "Departmental Ditties." He remains a prodigious boy, despite the plunges into political partisanship which caused the witty Tom Kettle, that "good European" among Irishmen, to pen his famous epigram:

The poet, for a coin,
Hands to the gabbling rout
A bucketful of Boyne
To put the sunrise out.

The quatrain would have been more telling if it had not conveyed a charge of paid insincerity: if there is anything certain in this world, it is that Mr. Kipling always means what he says as surely as he says what he means. Looking through the new and inclusive edition of his verse in three volumes (Hodder and Stoughton: f3 3s. net), the varied and youthful radio-activity of his work amazes me beyond words. He is the first and mightiest of the true modernists in verse, the pioneer in this land of the poetical romance of reality so written as to be understood of the man in the street and the man at the club window. When he wrote the strait, unforgettable line:

Romance brought up the 9.15

he set afoot the whole of that new exploration of the commonplace by poets, which has shown the humanity that resides in a great machine, with its "deferential valve-gear" and other intricate parts, all so very human, being the work of human hands, and found also in historic personages the very cinematography of coloured and chiming passions which is the spectacle of life to-day. He is so ultra-modern that his God of Things as They Are, when at home in his heaven, is the multiple secretary of all Trade Unions moving among members whose handiwork is at last as much respected as law and politics and philosophy and even poetry:

And oft-times cometh our wise Lord God, master of every trade,
And tells them tales of His daily toil, of Edens newly made;
And they rise to their feet as he passes by, gentlemen un-afraid.

It puzzles me to explain why the young Georgian poets who have tendered their homage in the past to Dr. Bridges and Mr. Thomas Hardy have not yet honoured their true father-in-art. Perhaps it is because he is more often than not a poet of action, trampling on all the queer sentimentality of youthful revolutionaries

It is the absolute truth. Not even an Englishman can ever be sure what Englishmen are going to do. So we shall never rest content with a settled form of governance, to moulder away as the Eastern peoples have done in an iron-bound Nirvana, or with any settled patterns of poetry such as have standardised the poetical thought of other peoples (but more especially that of the Celts) to their final undoing.

The future of English poetry, and even its Futurism, lies latent in the many-phased craftsmanship of this tremendous verse-maker. Even Mr. Vachel Lindsay,



MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS, WHOSE NEW NOVEL, "THE MESSENGER," HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.

Photograph by Russell and Sons.

whose honking, gee-whizzing canticles I wrote of last week, derives ultimately from this creator of easy-working models of mechanical poetry, the kind that a people could sing if they had yet acquired their singing voices. In "THE OWL" No. 2 (Martin Secker; 10s. 6d. net), which is a monthly anthology of Georgian poems and pictures, there is a poem, dedicated to Isadora Bennett, by this American poet which has the Kiplingque coming out in spots all over it. Here is a specimen stanza of this high-speed, lime-lighted, jazz-dance of phrases and similitudes in honour of golden California, soon to be the planetary pleasure-country:

The ten gold suns are so blazing blasting
That the sunstruck soot for the sea,
And turn to mermen and mermaids
And whoop for their liberty;
And they takes young whales for their bronchos
And old whales for their steeds,
Harnessed with golden sea-flowers
And driven with golden reeds.
For the free-born flesh of California,
The royal iron and bone,
Is a breed of such devil-humans
As never before was known.

It is the American tall tale worked out to the steam-music of a merry-go-round and in the light of the electric sky-signs that flicker in and out, in all manner of eye-piercing colours, above the many-mansioned towers of a great American city. It is a far step, further than any Mr. Kipling could take, in changing the modern English poem from the curious illumination of a comely page, appealing to the eye rather than the ear, to a lusty stave that sings itself somehow, that might conceivably be sung at a street corner. Not all the future, but most of the Futurism, of English poetry is to be discerned in such crowd-compelling canticles.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has hailed the editor of the Georgian poetry volumes as one of the saviours of English literature, the kind but severe critic who has kept the exotic and the eccentric out of the Muse's high places. No doubt "WHEELS" (B. H. Blackwell; 6s. net), which is the "fourth cycle" of another recurring anthology, must be as distressing to Mr. Gosse as it is to Mr. Marsh. Perhaps not; for it is within my experience that old men are more able and willing to recognise the merit of the youthful wearer of a *gilet rouge* (he may turn out to be a Théophile Gautier!)

than the middle-aged persons whose temperament has "set," as the cooks say of a jelly. The poetical youth of to-day, having helped to save the elder generations from servitude under the Prussian jackboot, will not be prevented from making the most exciting experiments by pontifical groans and the thunderous huff-snuff of pre-war authorities. Even boys at school, who never felt the scorching breath of absolute warfare, are writing Futuristic stuff. Lately I read a poem by a sixteen-year-old still at school which contained the priceless lines:

Murderous lobsters prowling in the slime
Of passion's deeps, and brandishing their eyes.

There is nothing in "Wheels" quite so terrific and nerve-numbing. To-morrow, perhaps, some child-poet, not so old as the author of "The Young Visitors," will be found writing such things, to the horror of her nursery governess. So why be angry, O middle-aged critics, sitting in leather-upholstered chairs in comfortable libraries, when a young soldier back from the war indicts the wickedness of a society invaded by profiteering *nouveaux riches* by saying that

Old, fat men lean out to cheer
From bone-built palaces?

It does not matter if the young poet bows himself down in the House of Rimmon, as long as he does not abase himself in the House of Rimmel. Poetry, like War, is not to be waged with concessions and squirts of rose-water. The fault of the Preciosities (as I have heard the "Wheels" group called) is a predilection for far-sought similitudes. Thus Mr. Osbert Sitwell, who is one of the strongest, and a poet of great power and also precision at his best (his "Babel" is one of the finest war-poems, and it is also a most successful experiment in technique) begins a "Nocturne" with the too complicated imagery:

The brazen glory of the day is done;
Its trumpet flowers
Fold in their glowing petals:
All colour fades;
Flows into dusk.

And so on—it is like a costly box of assorted bon-bons. This poet has a notable gift of suave, fierce satire, shown to advantage in his "Church Parade," which scoffs at the religion that has become mere mechanical Sabbath-day respectability:

Each bird that whirls and wheels on high
Must strangle, stifle in, its cry.
For nothing that's of Nature born
Should seem so on the Sabbath morn.



MR. MARMADUKE PICKTHALL, WHOSE NEW NOVEL, "SIR LIMPIDUS," HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

The other Sitwells, Miss Iris Tree, Mr. Aldous Huxley, and the Sherard Vines are represented in character, and the last named's "The Soldier's Last Love," has more of the strangeness at the heart of all beauty than in any other poem I have read this year. . . . So the word in season is that of the old French master-painter: *Continuez, mes enfants, continuez!*



MISS ELINOR MORDAUNT, WHOSE NEW NOVEL, "OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES," HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.

Camera-Portrait by Hoppe.

and—his crowning sin in the dim eyes of all poetical twilights and moonlighters!—insists on regarding the Celt as simple and tame in comparison with the Englishman:

The Celt in all his variants, from Buich to Bally-hoo,
His mental processes are plain—one knows what he will do,
And can logically predicate his finish by his start;
But the English—ah, the English!—they are quite a race apart.

A "PULLMAN" OF THE AIR: A BIG NEW TRIPLANE FOR LONG FLIGHTS.



LUXURY IN AIR TRAVEL: THE ROOMY AND COMFORTABLE INTERIOR OF THE "BRISTOL" PULLMAN TRIPLANE, FOR FOURTEEN PASSENGERS.



FITTED WITH FOUR 410-H.P. LIBERTY ENGINES: THE NEW "BRISTOL" PULLMAN TRIPLANE—A FAST MACHINE FOR LONG FLIGHTS.

Amongst the large high-speed aeroplanes constructed to carry a considerable load of passengers and cargo, besides fuel, for a lengthy flight, the "Bristol" Pullman Triplane occupies a position apart. Its four 410-h.p. Liberty engines ensure reliability and safety, whilst the tasteful and luxurious appointments of the roomy Pullman provide the utmost comfort. The car is 7 feet in height, and wholly enclosed. A central gangway has comfortable fauteuils placed on either side. Large Triplex glass windows are provided,

one for each passenger, and electrical heating and lighting is installed. Ventilation has also been carefully studied. Any or all of the seats may be removed for the conveyance of mails or cargo. The machine can lift a load of 2700 lb. of fuel for five hours' flight, or alternatively, 4000 lb. with fuel for 2½ hours' flight. The speed of from 100 to 105 m.p.h., i.e., at three-quarter throttle, gives a sufficient reserve of power to reach a maximum speed of 185 m.p.h., if necessary.

More German Hero-Worship in Berlin: The Arrival of Marshal von Mackensen.



QUITE IN THE OLD MILITARIST MANNER: MARSHAL VON MACKENSEN INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR "DRESSED" WITH GREAT PRECISION.

Marshal von Mackensen, the hero of Germany's earlier successes in the eastern theatre during the war, was made prisoner by the Allies after the Armistice. In view of his advanced age and state of health, he was recently released and allowed to return to Germany. He reached Berlin on December 3, and was received with an enthusiasm

almost equal to that which welcomed Hindenburg. Our photograph shows him inspecting the guard of honour, formed of a company of infantry with a band, on his arrival at the Anhalter station. He wore the uniform of the Death's Head Hussars. The precision of the lines of troops, quite in the old Prussian manner, is very noticeable.

Prince Albert Taking Up the Duties of Royalty: A Visit of Inspection to Glasgow.



EXAMINING A BIG LOCOMOTIVE DESTINED FOR SOUTH AFRICA:
PRINCE ALBERT IN THE CAB.

Prince Albert visited Glasgow on December 9, and spent nearly eight hours in a tour of inspection of works and public institutions. He also presented decorations, and received delegates from the Workers' Welfare Association. At a luncheon given by the Corporation, he said: "The deep interest of my parents and my eldest brother in



INITIATED INTO THE ART OF DRILLING: PRINCE ALBERT AT WORK
ON A BOILER.

the social problems of to-day is well known, and I hope to follow in their footsteps. I welcome these opportunities of coming into live contact with the general community, and learning at first hand their wants and requirements." Our photographs were taken at the Hyde Park Locomotive Works at Springburn.

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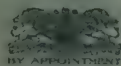
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SPORTS ON THE RIVIERA.

DRACONIAN restrictions imposed on would-be travellers have, for the past six years, deprived the sun-kissed shores of the Mediterranean of its influx of visitors. For years past the mild climate of the Côte d'Azur has been a wonderful attraction to many, and possibly, not the least penalty to be exacted from the enemy will consist of the forfeiture of the villas and lands acquired in former days by the ubiquitous German. It is the fortune of war, and one must not imagine that the peaceful and quiet Riviera, where the frowning forts on the hill-sides threaten the plains with annihilation, has not suffered considerably from the absence of all visitors, save those clad in khaki. The golf links and lawn tennis courts were open to all the visitors. A certain number of free tickets for the concerts, operatic and dramatic entertainments, were distributed among the different nursing homes and hospitals, and the greatest possible liberty was given to the visitors who had come across the seas to prevent the French Republic from being ground under the heel of the Teuton; and, if one may judge from the reception given to the representatives of the Allies, the manner in which they were received in the South, was ample evidence that the denizens of the Riviera appreciated the aid given to them to secure their national independence.

Under the auspices of M. Camille Blanc, Monte Carlo has become the home of international sport, brought up to date, and the different branches of sport have advisedly been placed under the guidance of the "International Sporting Club," which is organised on an international basis, and whose members are drawn from the best French and international institutions for promoting sport and social intercourse. The Club has a strong committee composed of eminent sportsmen always on the *qui vive* for some novelty likely to

appeal to the public. We certainly owe the progress made in aviation and motor-boats to the initiative of the Club, in organising competitions each year in the bay of Monaco, which carried sufficiently large awards to encourage the inventive powers of each specialist. When Georges Carpentier, the World's fisticuff champion, first attracted public attention, his case was laid before the committee of the International Sporting Club by its

as the last one recorded, and practically there was no battle.

As in 1914, the Monte Carlo "sports of the season" commenced with that interesting shooting tournament which brought competitors not only from England and the British Isles, but also from Australia and all quarters of the globe, including Russia, Germany, Belgium, France, and Italy. The stand at Monte Carlo became a legend

and the story of its fame is found written in letters of gold on the marble tablets recording the names of the winners of the Grand Prix du Casino, which, in ordinary times, entitles the winner to a very substantial sum of money and a valuable trophy or work of art. The shooting ground is on a plateau divided from the terrace by the railway. In the winter of 1914, the year of the war, there was, of course, no question of the revival of any kind of sport. Those who were compelled to shoulder the gun, or who declined the monotonous duty of looking on, which devolved on the aged, could find a more useful target for their shots than the pigeon who was well fed by the residents, and those who sunned themselves after luncheon on the "Boulingrin." Again the magician's hand has passed over the shooting ground. The allotments made to the out-of-work employees for growing fresh vegetables for home consumption were called in, and not only has the shooting ground regained its pre-war condition and appearance, but the empty pigeon-lofts have

been replenished, and the programme for some sixty days sport has been promised with a proportionate share of the £6000, the management adds to the values of pools and stakes. Given a modicum of fine weather, the Monogasques will soon make up for the lean years they have suffered, for they can be thankful to be sufficiently protected by distance to be beyond the reach of the Hun who destroyed everything he could lay hands on in Belgium and France.



SPORT AT MONTE CARLO: SPECTATORS ON THE STAND AT THE PIGEON-SHOOTING GROUND WATCHING A TOURNAMENT.

president. When it was discovered that Georges was willing to meet Jim Sullivan, the financial part of the business was rapidly arranged, and the Club was given the use of ground in the Condamine, previously reserved for tennis. Never before had such a crowd assembled. The ring had been erected some six feet above the level of the ground; the stands were full to overflowing, and a great number of ladies were present. The encounter was as brief

MORE GIFT-IDEAS FROM HARRODS

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"DOROTHY."—A very dainty Wing Chair, suitable for bedroom or boudoir, upholstered in good quality cretonne. £9 0s. 0d.

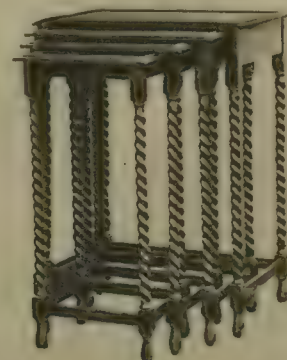


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LADIES' NEWS.

WE women entered on our career of public dining, at the instance of Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, in aid of the Middlesex Hospital last week. The dinner was at the Savoy, and the collection at the ladies' dinner was £4527. The reason that the men and women ate separately on the occasion was that there was no room in the Savoy large enough to hold them together in comfort. The ladies were quite light-hearted over their meal, and the room presented a brilliant appearance. It was rather quaint to hear the Toast-Master proclaim, "Pray silence for your Chairwoman" in stentorian tones, followed by Princess Alice's sweet voice saying as loudly as she could, "Ladies, the King." We honoured the toast quite enthusiastically, but we made no noise. Various hostesses had guests at round tables. A long one down the centre of the room had Princess Alice (in a lovely shade of sea-blue embroidered with jewellery in the same colour, and wearing diamonds in her hair) at one end; and Princess Arthur of Connaught (very dainty in pearl-grey, and wearing pearls and diamonds, notably a long chain composed of large diamond links) was at the other. In the centre sat Princess Beatrice, looking very handsome in black relieved with white, and wearing many diamonds; and opposite sat Princess Helena Victoria in grey-blue, with a high diamond ornament in her hair. Both Princesses, aunt and niece, wore the purple ribbon of the British Empire, highest grade, across their bodices.

Mrs. Lloyd George sat to the right of Princess Alice, and chatted away to her Royal Highness during dinner. The Countess of Gosford was Lady Bland Sutton's guest of honour. Everywhere were well-known women, wearing pretty frocks and beautiful jewels. The Duchess of Rutland brought Lady Elcho; Lady Essex looked graceful in much-jetted black; Lady Ancaster wore black-and-silver brocade, a band of silver tissue across her forehead, and lovely pearls. Sybil Lady Brassey was a hostess; so was Mrs. Arthur James; and among the well-known people there were Lady Albemarle, Lady Bertha Dawkins, Mrs. George Keppel, Lady Miller of Manderston, Lady (Archibald) Hunter, Lady (Owen) Phillips, Lady (Marcus) Samuel, Lady Kerry, and many more. We all went into the men's banqueting-hall after dinner to hear the speeches. I was amazed at the Prince of Wales's grip. He looked so young, slender, and boyish; but his clear voice penetrated to every corner of the big room, and he spoke remarkably well and simply, with no straining for effect,



THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SILHOUETTE.

Very dainty she looks in her velvet coat and skirt of "bleu corbeau," trimmed with white fox. The fullness about the hips makes her waist-line look slender, which has all the piquancy of novelty after the straight effect so long the fashion.

clearly, and always to the point. It was odd to see how the greyheads and men of all ages listened to him, and I am not indulging in any womanly exaggeration when I say everyone in that large assembly just gloried in him and felt a real loyal affection for our Prince. Over £52,000 was the result of the dinners.

This is the first winter since the war that there has been any great exodus to the South of France. A number of people have already gone, and more are going. The Duchess of Norfolk and her children are among the number of those already there. Her Grace has gone to a quiet place, avoiding the more fashionable resorts. The Villa Eleonore, with its beautiful gardens and wonderful wistaria arches, will soon be tenanted by Lord and Lady Brougham. Lady Violet Brassey is going to the Villa Beauregard. The Grand Duke Michael has let the Villa Kasbeck, and Countess Torby has also let her Villa Edelweiss. Mrs. Arthur Wilson is going to the Villa Maryland; a number of Americans are already at Nice. The shortage of coal will not make any difference, it is said, in transit to the Sunny South, whereat a prosperous season is a matter for congratulation in France.

Brigadier-General W. A. Robertson, on the part of wounded officers who had been treated and nursed in the Countess of Carnarvon's house in Bryanston Square, presented her with a golden teapot formerly among the treasures of Hamilton Palace. The presentation was made in Lord and Lady Wolverton's house in St. James's Place. Lady Carnarvon not only ran this hospital in town, but turned her country house into another, and herself helped with the nursing. Her deep-violet nurse's uniform was seen at many a war-workers' assemblage. Her town residence next year will be the house in Seamore Place left to her by the late Mr. Alfred de Rothschild. Considerable alterations are being made, and building is very uncertain in these days, but Lady Carnarvon will have her only daughter to take out, so a good house will be a necessity.

The Queen of Spain is looking very beautiful and has apparently keenly enjoyed her visit to her mother. Her Majesty dined with the Earl and Countess of Ancaster at their fine house in its own ground at the end of Rutland Gate. They have made of it a handsome and harmonious interior. The Queen wore a dress of sea-blue satin embroidered in silver and aquamarine, and her parure of jewels was of

(Continued overleaf.)

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specially fine aquamarines and diamonds. Lady Ancaster is a very handsome and distinguished-looking American Peeress, whose dress is always of the latest and always individual, as are her jewels and her way of wearing them. On this occasion she was in black chiffon velours, and wore superb pearls and a diamond-and-ruby ornament or two. There were several other dinners for



TO MARRY MAJOR A. M. RITCHIE: MISS CHRISSIE MOORE.

Miss Chrissie Moore is the daughter of Major-Gen. the Hon. Sir Newton Moore, K.C.M.G., and Lady Moore. Her engagement to Major A. M. Ritchie, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Dugald Ritchie, of Restholm, East Lias, Hants, has been announced.—[Photograph by Mendoza Galleries.]

the Queen; and it is good to know that Don Jaime, her second son, was not operated upon, and that he is better for the simple treatment he underwent here.

It is difficult when looking at Queen Maud of Norway to realise that her Majesty celebrated her fiftieth birthday on the 26th ult. For the first time for six years she celebrated it at Sandringham with Queen Alexandra. Always very bright and of a happy disposition, she was

the life of King Edward's trio of daughters, whose nicknames were Vicky, Tory, and Harry. Queen Maud always saw the funny side of things, and then made others see it. King Edward was very fond of his youngest, and quickly appreciated her jokes. If she was not a favourite in Norway at first, it was because all the conditions of her life there were so strange and so utterly different from those she had been brought up in. The birth of her son made a vast change for her, as her life was wrapped up in him. It also made a difference with the Norwegians, who idolise their Prince, and now understand and thoroughly like his mother. Queen Maud has had an interesting time in town shopping. With Queen Alexandra, she will return to Sandringham for Christmas.

In this country, whatever our opinion of politics may be, there is a deep and great sympathy for the sufferers from Russia. The feeling in part accounts for the sympathy accorded to the Russian Red Cross, at 21, Belgrave Square, a house taken by Prince Yousouppoff for Russian helpers to work in, and to come to for help. Prince Yousouppoff and the Grand Duke Dmitri were credited with being principals in getting rid of Russia's prime mischief-maker, the infamous false monk Rasputin. They are both handsome, distinguished-looking young men, devoted to Russia, and favourites with all who know them here. Princess Irene of Russia, the wife of Prince Yousouppoff, is the only daughter of the late Tsar's only sister, the Grand Duchess Xenia, and her husband, the Grand Duke Alexander. She is an exceedingly pretty girl, elegant and graceful, but her face is a very sad one, and shows traces of what she has gone through. She has six brothers, the youngest twelve. The Grand Duchess George is often there in her widow's weeds; the Grand Duke, who served through the war, was said to have been a victim of the Revolution. Lady Egerton, herself a Russian noblewoman, granddaughter of Prince Nicolas Lobanow Rostowski, does well for her compatriots, and we all wish them better times. A. E. L.

The "I-will-if-you-will" method of collecting money for charities is always a successful one, as it gives that kind of feeling of comradeship in endeavour which helps so many people to "get a move on," and it is to be hoped that the "person or persons unknown," who have offered £250 for the Victoria Hospital for Children, Tite Street, Chelsea, provided that another £250 is handed in before Dec. 31, will fire general enthusiasm for the appeal. The hospital—like so many others—is badly in need of funds; and, after all, even a little subscription towards the £250

will help towards getting the required sum. The Victoria Hospital for Children is, of course, an institution which has done excellent work for many years, and well deserves a place on the charities list of a woman.

Winter sports can be enjoyed highly concentrated at Mürren, Wengen, and Grindelwald—all resorts in the Bernese Mountains in Switzerland. It is not for cures only that people visit these wonderful villages. There every variety of ice and snow sport can be obtained, week in and week out, without depressing attacks of thaw. Curling, sleighing, skating, ski-running, ice-hockey matches, masked dances on the ice by moonlight, ice carnivals—competitions in all these sports are included in the long programme for the winter season 1919-1920. Full particulars can be had of R. Anderson and Co., 14, King William Street, Strand, W.C.2.



ENGAGED TO MR. THOMAS ECKERSLEY:

MISS ENA BARRY PAIN.

Miss Ena Barry Pain is the daughter of the well-known author. Her engagement to Mr. Thomas Eckersley was recently announced.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]

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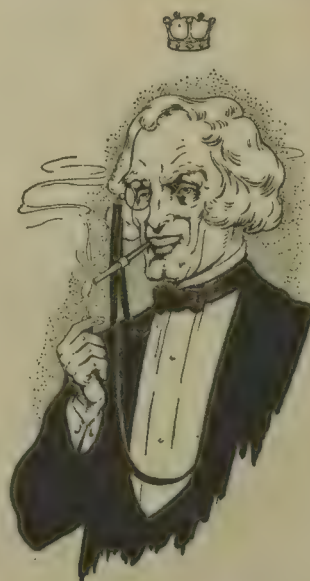
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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE HIBERNATION OF THE HOUSE-FLY.

IN the story-books of a generation ago the little boy who killed house-flies always came to a bad end! Nowadays we are inclined to see in such employment the premonitory signs of a great man! This very striking change of attitude is due to the fact that we have, during the last few years, discovered a great deal about the house-fly, and have as a consequence branded him as an outlaw to be killed out of hand. This perfectly beastly little insect for the most part passes his infancy wallowing in filth, and throughout the whole of his adult life is a persistent distributor of filth and disease. Unhappily there is no hope of bringing about his extermination, but with a little trouble his number can be materially reduced.

The hordes of house-flies which swoop down on us during the summer months are not merely a source of irritation, but of positive danger from which we can hardly escape till the chill of autumn begins to make itself felt. Then most of them die of old age, and unrepentant. Some die of disease. Some, those which emerged from the pupal state late in the season, contrive to pass the winter in bake-houses and other warm places, to come forth, with the return of spring, to perpetuate their noisome race. But it now appears that, even if it were possible to destroy these "stowaways," we should not rid ourselves of this menace; for it has just been discovered that larvae, as well as pupae, contrive to survive the cold of winter. This discovery has been made by a French scientist, M. E. Seguy, and has been passed on to us by Dr. D. Keilin, whose knowledge of fly-larvæ is unsurpassed. M. Seguy found the larvæ of the house-fly in nine out of fifty snail-shells collected in the middle of January last

from a wall close to a military hospital. He then seems to have made experiments which showed that such larvæ can easily penetrate the epiphragm of hibernating snails; and, this done, the raider proceeds to devour the occupant. And having consumed one victim they will emerge to seek others. This is not a very difficult task, for the garden snail, as is well known,

larvæ contrive to find both food and shelter. Thus, then, it would seem that our war against the house-fly must be enlarged to include also the garden snail, at any rate during the winter months, which is probably the only time when it will be found infected.

The house-fly, it would seem, has to compete with its

scarcely less undesirable cousin, the blow-fly, in its search for eligible winter quarters; for the larvæ of the blow-fly have also been found battenning on living, hibernating snails. Eighteen per cent. of the snails so far examined were found to harbour these larvæ. Another species of fly, commonly mistaken for the house-fly, seeks our houses for the purpose of hibernation. This is the species known as *Pollenia rudis*, lacking a name in common speech. The larvæ of this fly victimise earth-worms. During the winter they remain quiescent. But they rouse themselves into activity in the spring, and proceed to eat up the tissues of their host; making their way, as they grow, towards the mouth, whence they presently escape to pupate in the soil, and to emerge as adult flies in April.

How many different species of flies make the poor snail a means of subsistence for their offspring is not known, but, now that the discovery as to the house-fly has been announced, conchologists have been coming forward to state that they have frequently found "maggots" within the bodies of living snails. Many of these were doubtless house-fly or blow-fly larvæ; but it

will now be necessary to look a little more closely into the matter to settle this point; which is one of some importance. Careful note will also have to be taken as to the number of species of snail which are victimised, for the common garden snail is not the only sufferer. Nor are flies their only enemies, for beetle larvæ of several

(Continued overleaf)



THE ARRIVAL OF M. CLEMENCEAU IN LONDON: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. LLOYD GEORGE, M. CLEMENCEAU, M. CAMBON (THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR), AND LORD CURZON, AT VICTORIA.

Photograph by Topical.

passes the winter in a deep sleep, buried in the ground, or under dead leaves or refuse, in colonies. For further protection against the cold they secrete a quantity of mucous to form a parchment-like lid to the mouth of the shell. In the centre of the lid is a small aperture for the admission of air, and it is by this entrance that the



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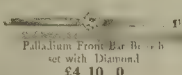




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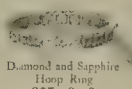
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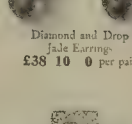
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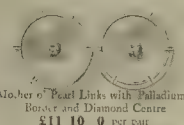
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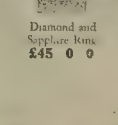
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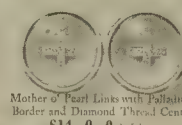
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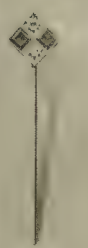
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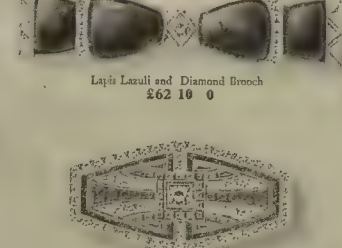
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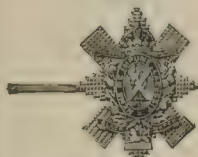
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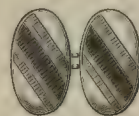
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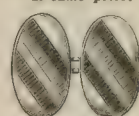


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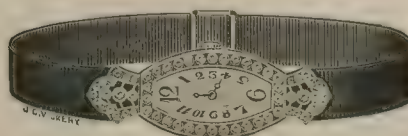
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species have long been known to find in these juicy molluscs both a nursery and larder.

Dr. C. J. Gahan, the Keeper of Entomology of the British Museum of Natural History, a few days ago appealed in the columns of the *Times* for contributions of snails during the present winter, in order that these investigations may be carried further; and it is to be hoped that all who can will help in forwarding specimens to the Museum for this purpose. They should be sent, of course, immediately after capture, with the "epiphragm" or lid unbroken.

W. P. PYCRAFT

Chocolates as a Christmas present are ever acceptable, for old and young alike enjoy them. It is important that they should be good, and among the best chocolates there is none more reliable than those made by Messrs. Fry, of Bristol, who for almost two centuries have been in the front rank of British chocolate and cocoa manufacturers. Their productions can be obtained anywhere.

CHRISTMAS AT THE PUBLISHERS': ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOKS.

EVERY boy and girl loves a story-book, especially when there are plenty of coloured pictures to adorn the tale, and no fond parent or benevolent uncle, on Christmas presents intent, can go far wrong in wending their way to the bookseller's. If the publishers have not quite got back to the old pre-war standard of sumptuousness in their illustrated gift-books—which was hardly to be expected—yet they have provided a goodly assortment of attractive literature for young readers of various ages. There should be no difficulty in making a choice that is sure to please. We will mention a few examples here, and a further batch will be dealt with in another article.

At the top of the list is a perfectly delightful edition of "The Water Babies" (Hodder and Stoughton). Charles Kingsley's immortal fairy-tale of natural history has never been given a finer setting, and it arrives all the more appropriately in the year in which we have kept the centenary of his birth. How he would have revelled in a presentment of his story so far beyond the standard of book-production in his day, especially in the matter of illustration! A round dozen of colour-plates in the volume are the work of Jessie Willcox Smith. Their beauty of colouring and design is not their only merit, for they are steeped in the spirit and atmosphere of the tale, as also are the delicate marginal line drawings which decorate almost every page.

Doubtless one of the most popular books this season will be "Gyp's Hour of Bliss" pictured by Cecil Aldin (Collins' Clear Type Press). Gyp was a white Aberdeen terrier, who decided to have "one crowded hour of glorious life," and the story tells how he did it. There have been



FOSTER ART IN JAPAN: THE BULB OF THRIFT, AND THE FLOWER OF WAR SAVINGS SPRINGING FROM THE BULB.

Japan has adopted the War Savings idea, and the Government is advertising it by this artistic poster, among others. The inscription reads: "Success and happiness are the beautiful flowers that spring from the plain brown bulb of thrift and savings."

Photograph by Topical.

mischievous dogs before Gyp, but their pranks have not been illustrated by Cecil Aldin, and therein lies Gyp's claim to distinction. He makes himself a general nuisance—spoils the furniture, upsets the tea-table and the ink, steals the cat's dinner, worries the washing, chases the fowls, rolls on the beds, and so on: does everything, in fact, which a healthy terrier enjoys: and here it is all set forth in big type and beautiful colour-plates. What more is there to say?

Mr. Arthur Rackham has long been an aristocrat among illustrators. This year he has essayed a new

[Continued overleaf.]



TO BURN OIL FUEL INSTEAD OF COAL: THE GIANT CUNARD "AQUITANIA" UNDERGOING INTERNAL ALTERATIONS AT NEWCASTLE

The new liner "Aquitania" will burn oil instead of coal, and is now lying off the yard, of Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth, at Newcastle-on-Tyne. She is being altered internally to burn oil in her stoves and boilers. (Photograph by Central Press.)

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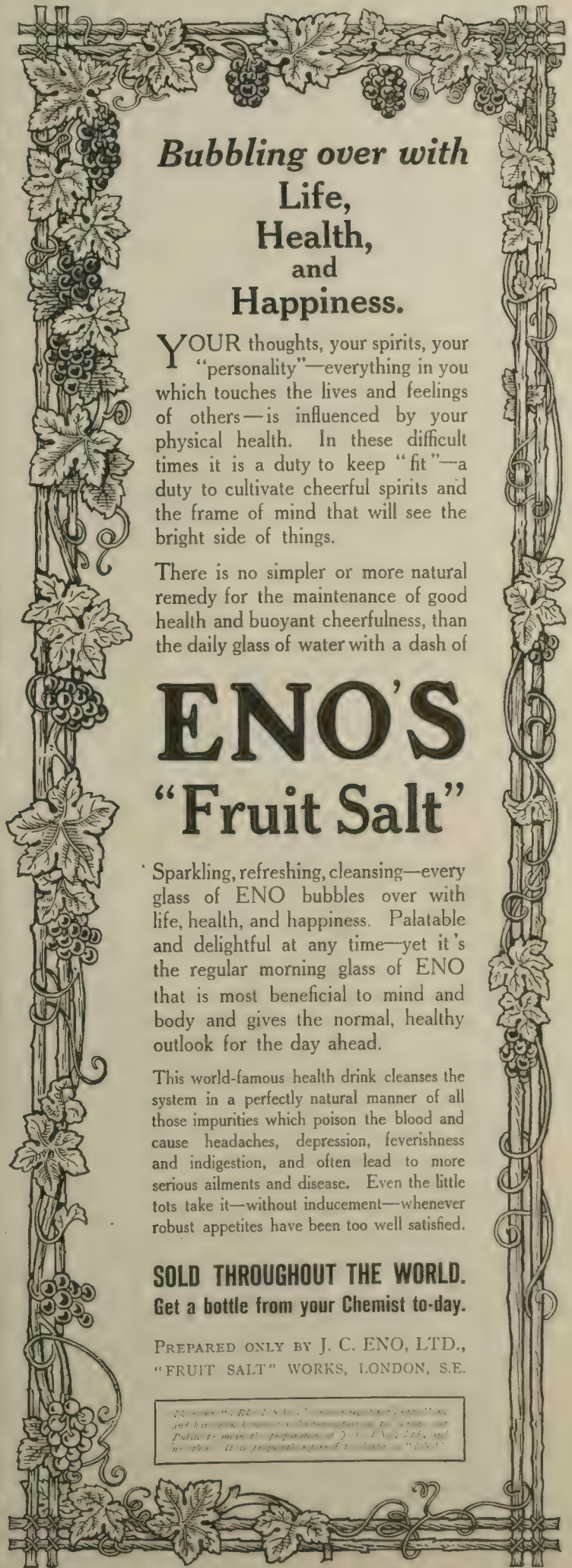
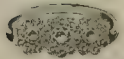
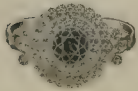
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(Continued)

manner, that of the humorous silhouette, in his drawings for "Cinderella," retold by C. S. Evans (Heinemann). Only the frontispiece is a colour-plate in the style hitherto associated with Mr. Rackham's work. It is as exquisite as usual, but the comic drawings in black (there is little white about them!) will probably delight the youthful critic just as much. Mr. Evans has given the old tale a modern cast which will not lessen its appeal, but is likely to increase it. Children who receive this book will certainly want to go to Drury Lane, and those who go there will likewise want to receive it.

Another time-honoured story, though less familiar, is retold (from the original) by S. R. Littlewood in "Valentine and Orson," the Twin Knights of France (Simpkin, Marshall), and Miss Florence Marv Anderson has supplied eight charming colour-plates. Mr. Littlewood's name is sufficient guarantee of the literary merit of the version, and everyone will agree with his feeling of "practically forgotten for well-nigh a century." The war has given us a new interest in French literature and traditions, and it was appropriate to revive the famous old legend. It will not be forgotten this Christmas at any rate.

The mythology of our own Empire's dominions overseas has also been brought nearer to our hearts. Hence many readers, and not children only, will be attracted by "Native Fairy Tales of South Africa" (Harrap), retold by Ethel L. McPherson, with a foreword by the Rev. A. P. Bender, and admirably illustrated (in colour) by

Helen Jacobs. The stories are from Zulu and Sesuto sources. "The folk-lore of South Africa," writes the author, "is peculiarly rich in imaginative qualities, and in some of the stories a remarkable resemblance may be noted to those of classic legend and to the folk-tales of Europe." Although "more than once the animal stories of South Africa have been presented with humour and charm, little has been done to make known the vast

with several colour-pages. The stories and verses are by writers of to-day, and if they do not possess the mythological interest of the South African volume, little people will like them just as well. "The Tookey and Alice Mary Tales" are by Robert de Montjoie Rudolf, I.S.O., well illustrated by Margaret W. Tarrant. They grew out of the first one, "told to a real Tookey and a real Alice Mary," and "Tookey's real name was George Tewkesbury Drake."

He was aged eight and the son of a Rector. There is also a Bishop, and Bishops, you know, are always good fun. Two nice little books by Maud Lindsay are called "The Story Teller," and a "Story Garden for Little Children," illustrated by Florence Liley Young. Each is a collection of short tales. For those who prefer a complete long one, there is "Jack and Me," a story for children, by Maude S. Forsey, illustrated by Helen Jacobs. We meet "Jack and Me" aged five and leave them at fifteen. Finally we must mention two books for the older folk—"Pull the Bobbin," by Queenie Scott Hooper, prettily illustrated by Winifred M. Ackroyd, and "Elizabeth, Phil and Me," by Marion St. John Webb, illustrated by Margaret W. Tarrant. Both fulfil their purpose very satisfactorily.




LORD JELlicoe's TOUR OF THE EMPIRE: A VISIT TO YARROW'S SHIPBUILDING YARD AT ESQUIMALT, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

When at Victoria, British Columbia, during his tour in H.M.S. "New Zealand," Lord Jellicoe visited Messrs. Yarrow's Shipbuilding and Repair Yard at Esquimalt, on Nov. 10, when this photograph was taken. The firm, which is associated with Messrs. Yarrow of Glasgow, did much refitting work to cruisers during the war. Reading from left to right, the names are: Mr. E. W. Izard, Assistant Works Manager; Flag-Commander B. H. Ramsay; Commodore F. C. Dreyer, Chief of Staff; Mr. N. A. Yarrow, head of the firm; Lord Jellicoe; Commander H. R. Sawbridge; Flag-Lieut. L. V. Morgan; Paymaster Capt. H. H. Share; and Mr. G. H. Hardie, Works Manager.

treasure house of fairy lore in which South Africa abounds." We are well content to be made acquainted with the native legends of the compatriots of Umslopogaas.

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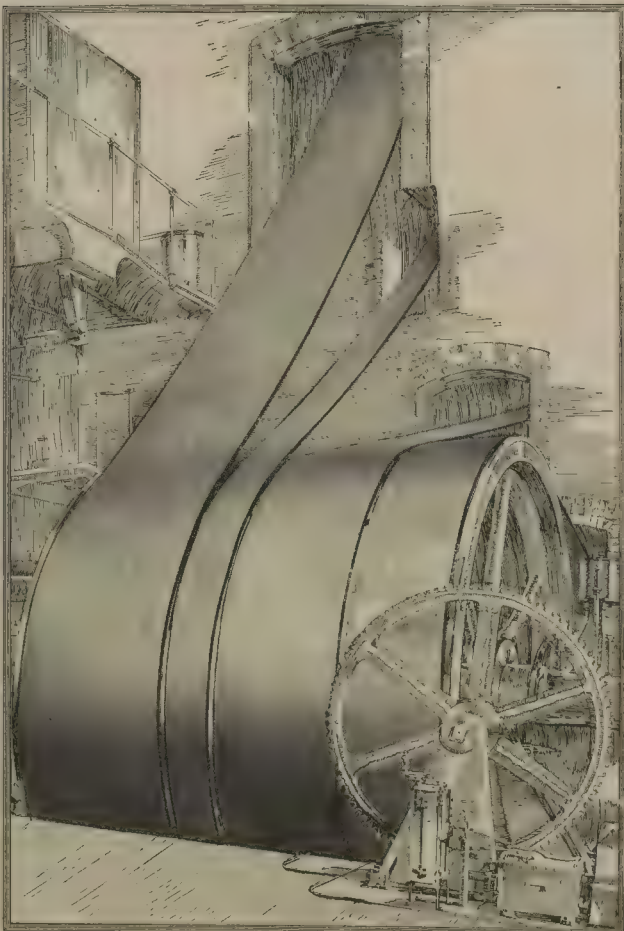
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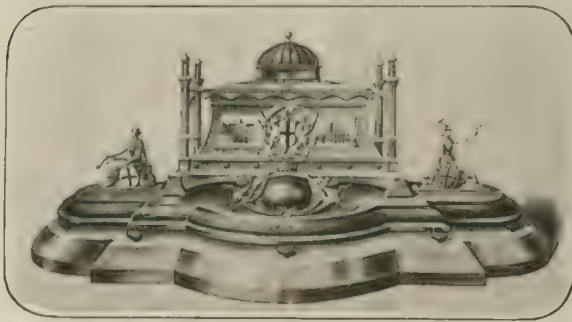


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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"SYLVIA'S LOVERS," AT THE AMBASSADORS.

DESPITE its title, there is nothing of Mrs. Gaskell in "Sylvia's Lovers," but something of Marivaux and that artificial Arcadia of masquerade which Watteau illustrated—just enough of Marivaux, indeed, to give the



THE CITY'S GIFT TO THE SHAH: THE DESIGN FOR THE GOLD CASKET.

This design, made by Messrs. Harrods, has been accepted by the City Corporation for the gold casket to be presented to the Shah of Persia as a souvenir of his recent visit. The making of the casket has also been entrusted to Messrs. Harrods.

piece a certain quality of style. Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox has done his work of adaptation quite adroitly, managing to keep the thread of story going to some purpose; and he and the decorative artists between them are really happy in their suggestion of atmosphere. First the rustics who are to be transformed at court, then the courtiers who are to play at rusticity, and finally the double masquerade in vizors and mythological costumes at the delightfully designed Chinese Pavilion—the whole scheme in its three phases is presented as picturesquely as heart could wish; and there is distinction about the thing as well as colour. Nor does the composer fail to rise to his opportunities. Mr. Bernard Rolt's melodies are light and gay, in due accord with the spirit of the libretto, but they are never cheap or tawdry. This is modern music, but it is the work of a craftsman who respects his craft and adapts himself to his surroundings, and he, too, can be credited with style. The same virtue is apparent in the leading interpreters: Miss Desirée Ellinger, who in all the rustic heroine's guises sings and acts with consummate art; Mr. Henry Caine,

most laughable as a grotesque Corsican pretender, anxious to commercialise the fairy kingdom of Lunéville; and Mr. Patrick Byrne, whose prince has charm and fancifulness. Mr. Joe Nightingale, plump, rustic, droll as he is in his court clothes, does not always fit into his setting, and forces on the production too much of a Lancashire diction; Miss Betty Chester, again, spoils her entertaining sketch of a grande dame, who flings herself at every chance of love, by too broadly farcical a treatment.

"ARMS AND THE MAN," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has had to bide his time, not without cause, but even he must have felt last week at the Duke of York's that the waiting was made almost worth while by the uproarious reception given, with the war behind us, to his "anti-romantic" comedy, "Arms and the Man." For far from giving offence, his satire at the expense of his warriors, his Bulgars and Austrian and Russian and Swiss professional, seems

to have more point than ever to-day, and no playgoer with any discrimination can hesitate about recognising that there is more thought, more wit, and, to tell the plain truth, more accomplishment in this play, which is a play and not a mere stage debate, than in any piece, save perhaps one, now before the public. Fortunately it is staged and acted in a manner to satisfy the most exacting taste. It was obviously worth while to give Mr. Hugo Rumbold a free hand with the stage pictures and costumes. We shall never get a better Bluntschli than that of Mr. Robert Lorraine, who possesses the pace and the gusto so essential for Shavian comedy. Raina is intelligently played by Miss Stella Mervyn Campbell. Saranoff exactly

suits Mr. Gerald Lawrence; and there is excellent work for Miss Dorothy Holmes Gore, Mr. Arthur Whitby, and Mr. M. R. Morand.

THE AMERICAN LIBRARY IN PARIS.

ON our front page we illustrate the American Library of English literature now permanently established in Paris. A sum of 150,000 francs being required, Mr. Charles Seeger, Chairman of the American Library Fund, gave 50,000 francs, representing the royalties of books by his son, Alan Seeger, who was killed in action while serving in the Foreign Legion. Mr. W. A. Bradley is the energetic secretary. Lord Derby has given 2500 francs and subscriptions are being raised. Eminent Frenchmen of letters have also organised a committee to assist, with M. Salomon Reinach, Conservateur de la Musée Nationale, as chairman.



GOVERNMENTAL ACTIVITIES AGAINST SINN FEIN: THE DUBLIN MANSION HOUSE, RECENTLY SURROUNDED AND ENTERED BY POLICE.

On December 11 a force of nearly 200 police surrounded the Mansion House, Dublin, and soldiers, who arrived in lorries, were stationed in the street. The police entered the building and satisfied themselves that no illegal meeting was being held. They and the troops then withdrew.—[Photograph by Topical.]

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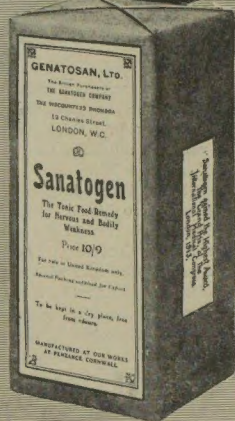
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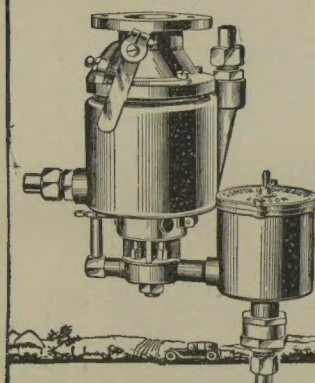
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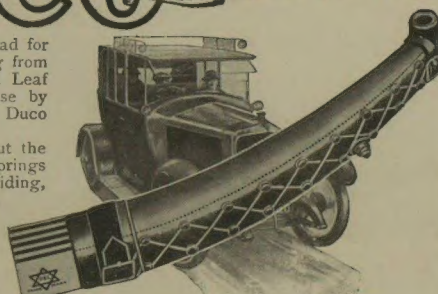
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A Taxation Report.

According to a daily newspaper, the authorities have it under consideration to wipe out the fuel tax altogether, and increase the tax on "pleasure" cars to a figure which will bring the resultant revenue to a level with that at present derived from the motor and fuel taxes combined. I do not think the motorist need feel unduly alarmed by this report. It is perfectly true that this matter is "under consideration," but I do not think the suggested course will be adopted. The main objection of the authorities to the fuel tax on its present basis is that it is troublesome and expensive to collect, because of the wholesale system of rebates and drawbacks by which it is accompanied; and they are seeking for a method of collection which shall be easier and less costly in its working.

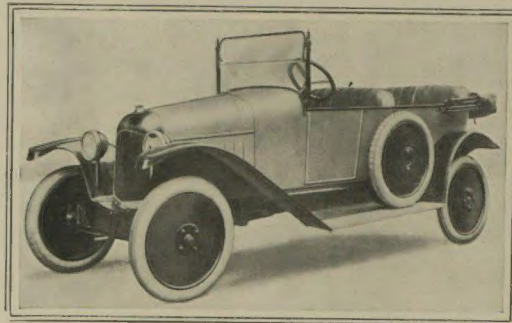
Obviously, it would provide such a method if the motor taxes were increased and the fuel tax abandoned; but there are certain defects inherent in such a course which put it almost out of court as a workable remedy for the

vehicles where it is. This is a much more serious matter, since it entails an exact definition of a "commercial" motor-car, and there would be endless discussion and grumbling before and after such a definition had been settled. Is a doctor's car, used only for professional purposes, a commercial vehicle? I should say it is. Is the passenger car used by the commercial traveller in his business a commercial car? Certainly, I should think. For my own part, I should not own a car at all were it not that I use it primarily for the purposes of my business. Therefore, I claim that it is just as much a "commercial" vehicle as the charabanc which carries passengers to make money for its owner.

The Real Way Out.

This matter of taxation has been discussed in these notes before, and I suggested that another proposition which is also "under consideration" is the real solution of the taxation difficulty. That is, a flat-rate tax of fourpence per gallon on all motor-fuel—home produced as well as imported. I know that the proposal to tax the native product will be greeted with a howl of indignation from the interests involved; but I decline to move from the position I have taken up in this matter. As I think I pointed out when last I discussed the subject, the tax is not a penal one in so far as imported petrol is concerned. It is not intended to encourage the one fuel against the other. On the contrary, it is a tax levied for highway purposes alone, and is meant to ensure that those having the largest use of the roads shall pay the most towards their maintenance. If, therefore, the home-produced fuel is let off the tax, it naturally follows that those who use that fuel are paying nothing for their use of the roads, which is manifestly unfair. I am fully aware of the necessity for encouraging the production of motor-fuel in this country; but even that does not alter my opinion. More especially is this so for the reason that I do not believe for a moment that it would make any difference in the development

of our sources of supply if the native motor spirit were taxed at the rate of fourpence per gallon, which is the suggested "flat-rate" figure. It must be remembered that in such a development the production of motor-spirit is only one of the issues involved. The proper carbonisation of coal, for example, results in the recovery not only of the lighter spirits, but of fuel oil, sulphate of ammonia, smokeless fuel, and other products which would not be taxed, and which



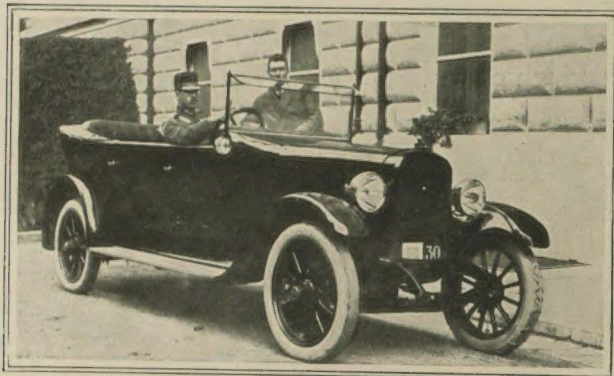
BEING BUILT IN FRANCE ON MASS-PRODUCTION LINES:
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The output of these cars, which have attracted much attention in Paris, has already reached forty per day.

are of much greater commercial value than the two or three gallons of motor-spirit which is the maximum that can be extracted from a ton of coal. Personally, I think we shall find that the flat-rate tax will find most favour.

The Entente Cordiale in Commerce.

The links which bind England to France have undoubtedly been strengthened by the war. For some years the Austin Motor Company, Ltd., of Northfield, Birmingham, have been associated with a subsidiary company, the Automobiles Anglaises Austin, Ste. Anon, in France; and the latter company is now being re-capitalised so as to bring its total capital up to ten million francs. The French company has acquired some extremely valuable works at Liancourt, thirty-five miles from Paris, and will devote itself almost exclusively to the manufacture of the Austin Agricultural Tractor for the French market. English investors interested in this project may obtain full particulars from the Secretary, or from the London, City, and Midland Bank, either at its head office, 5, Threadneedle Street, London, or the Birmingham branch.—W. W.



THE KING OF GREECE IN HIS AUSTIN "TWENTY": A ROYAL MOTORIST.
King Alexander has himself driven the car on his native mountain roads, and is very pleased with it.

existing state of affairs. For one thing, it is next to impossible to form a real estimate of the revenue to be derived in this way, because of the uncertain rate of increase in the number of cars on the road. Admittedly, this is a very minor consideration; but it counts. Then the alleged proposal is to leave the taxation of commercial

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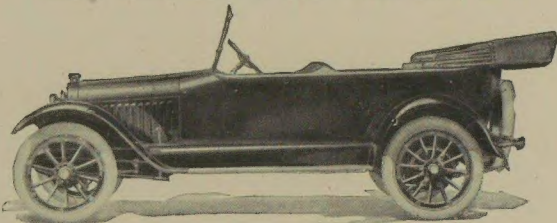
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LITERATURE.

Nelson's History
of the War.

Colonel John Buchan is to be heartily congratulated on the completion of his great task in writing "Nelson's History of the War," and on the masterly manner in which he has carried it through. After entitling the two previous instalments "The Darkest Hour" and "The Dawn" he has had the satisfaction of giving to the twenty-fourth and final volume the name of "Victory." It consists of five chapters dealing respectively with the last phase in the West, the capitulation of Austria, the surrender of Germany, "the Aftermath" (including the Naval Surrender), and "Conclusion," followed by six appendices containing despatches, diplomatic documents, and the terms of the Armistices, while, as usual, the book is illustrated with maps and plans. The narrative of the closing stages of the war is as clear and concise as the history has been throughout, but the most striking chapter in the volume is the concluding one, in which the writer gives a fine imaginative picture of the war as a whole, and a summary of its moral and physical import. He ends on a note of high patriotism and religious faith. "The world had suffered a purgation by pity and terror. It had made solemn sacrifice, and the sacrifice was mainly of the innocent and the young. This was true of every side. Most men who fell died for honourable things. Perversities of national policy were changed in the case of the rank and file, both of the Allies and their opponents, into the eternal sanctities—love of country and home, comradeship, loyalty to manly virtues, the indomitable questing of youth. Against such a spirit the gates of death cannot prevail. Innocence does not perish in vain. We may dare to hope that the seed sown in sacrifice

and pain will yet quicken and bear fruit to the amelioration of the world, and in this confidence await the decrees of that Omnipotence to whom a thousand years are as one day."

"Irish
Impressions."

In one respect Mr. Chesterton's political essays are like those of Matthew Arnold—that is, his way of lightening a grave subject with what, in a dramatist, would be called "comic relief," by bantering his opponents and poking polite fun at contemporary notabilities and institutions. But there the resemblance ends, and even in the rallery there is a great difference of method. Mr. Chesterton is much more amusing than Matthew Arnold, for, besides irony, he uses verbal quips, broad humour, and, of course, plentiful paradox. Moreover, he loves to turn a jest against himself (a thing that Arnold never did), as when he tells, quite parenthetically, of his falling down "on the platform of Wolverhampton, to the permanent damage of that fine structure." It must not be supposed, however, that "Irish Impressions," by G. K. Chesterton (Collins), is anything but a serious contribution to a serious problem which no student of the Irish Question should neglect. The book is the result of a lecture campaign which the author undertook in Ireland in 1918. "I went to Ireland," he writes, "at the request of Irish friends who were working warmly for the Allied cause. . . . Being an Englishman, I hoped primarily to help England; but, not being a congenital idiot, I did not primarily ask an Irishman to help England. . . . The line I took generally in Ireland was that, while the English had missed a great opportunity of justifying themselves to the Irish, the Irish had also missed a similar opportunity of justifying themselves to the English. But it specially emphasised this—that what had been lost was not primarily

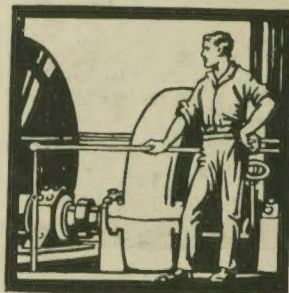
a justification against England, but a joke against England." The joke was that, while Ireland had always been on the side of France, as in the Napoleonic struggle, England had been on the side of Prussia, and before the Great War the Englishman had actually boasted of being a German. "Unionism was simply founded on Teutonism. Hence the ordinary honest patriotic Unionist was in a highly humorous fix when he had suddenly to begin denouncing Teutonism as mere terrorism," and "the one and only thing that rescued England from ridicule was Sinn Féin." Mr. Chesterton is not afraid to criticise the Irish, charging them with insularity, "residual perversity," too much separation from "the common Christian civilisation," and a habit of disliking each other. At the same time, he is in deep sympathy with Irish national aspirations, and he denounces unsparingly the blunders and injustices of the English régime, especially in the matter of recruiting and the withdrawal of Home Rule after it had become law. Naturally, he has much to say on the virtues of Irish peasant proprietorship; and, in touching on the religious question, he draws a strong contrast between Catholic humility and Belfast pride.

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